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THE

BRITISH MUSEUM 1758 SEP

1472. aa. 55.

THE FRIEND:

OR,

ESSAYS

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING

FOR

YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES;

ON THE

MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS:

EXEMPLIFIED

WITH STORIES FROM REAL LIFE.

——————— Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcape of the ſpring?
In the bright eye of Heſper in the morn?
In nature's faireſt forms? Is aught ſo fair
As virtuous FRIENDSHIP. AKENSIDE.

LONDON:
Printed for R. SNAGG, No. 29, *Pater-noſter Row*.
MDCCLXXIV.

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SEP

THE FRIEND.

NUMBER I.

Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcape of the ſpring?
In the bright eye of Heſper in the morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous Friendſhip? AKENSIDE.

IN all ages of the world Friendſhip has been eſteemed one of the greateſt bleſſings of life. 'Tis a ſentiment that is born with us; and the firſt emotion our hearts feel, is the deſire of attaching themſelves to ſome other heart. But notwithſtanding this, the want of a true Friend is,

and ever has been, a general complaint; and the world, from its beginning, has furniſhed us with few inſtances of perfect Friendſhip. This, alas! is one of the unhappy effects of the general blindneſs of human nature.

The advantages of Friendſhip ſufficiently ſpeak for themſelves, and all nature agrees in declaring them the moſt deſirable of all pleaſures. Without Friendſhip, life has no charm. Man is created full of wants, and when he comes to examine his own heart, he finds there a void, which Friendſhip alone can fill up. The ſoul is naturally ever diſturbed, unquiet, and uneaſy, and knows no repoſe but in the boſom of a Friend. One of the ancients has elegantly obſerved, that love is the child of poverty, and of the god of riches; of poverty, becauſe it is ever deſiring, and of riches, becauſe it is profuſely liberal: and may we not with great juſtice affirm, that Friendſhip is of the ſame family, when it is lively, it is ever deſiring, and earneſtly expecting, the proper ſentiments in the heart it is engaged with. The tender and more ſenſible ſouls feel more ſenſibly the wants of the heart, than others the ſevereſt neceſſities of life. Give men all the abundance of riches, titles, and honours, and deprive them, at the ſame time, of all Friendſhip, all the bleſſings of their life muſt vaniſh.

How ſweet reſource, what a ſafe aſylum, does Friendſhip offer the happier part of the ſofter ſex: by this they ſhun the wiles of faithleſs men; men who are ever falſe, inconſtant, and deceivers; and how great is the advantage of knowing

ing where to have an unbiaſſed and unprejudiced advice and counſel. The wiſeſt of us at times wants a friendly inſtructer; it is idle to depend on our own judgement in all things; our paſſions ever bias us to their own ſide: and how great is then the advantage of having a ſecond ſelf, a ſelf unactuated by ſuch paſſions, who can direct the proper courſe.

The ancients were well acquainted with all the bleſſings of real Friendſhip; but they ſeem to have refined it into mere idea: the portraits they give us of it being ſuch, as nature cannot have come up to. This is a blameable refinement; and when men plan out for themſelves perfect models, inſtead of natural example, to act by, they delude themſelves, and finding human nature unequal to ſuch attempt, treat the whole happineſs as a chimera, a mere imaginary good. This is being very falſe to our own intereſt.

The utmoſt advantage of Friendſhip is to find in a Friend that model of virtue and perfection to which we ought to attempt to arrive; and as our utmoſt wiſh is, to have the love and eſteem of our Friend, the utmoſt proof of Friendſhip muſt be, to imitate with that view thoſe virtues, and endeavour to make ourſelves worthy of that eſteem.

Seneca recommended to his Friend to chuſe out ſome one of the beſt and wiſeſt men of the time for a model, always to act as if in his ſight, and ever to give him a true account of all his actions.

This may be the means of gaining us a Friend worthy of that name: our own good ought ſurely to be a near concern to us; nothing can be of greater tendency to bring us this, than a valuable Friend. Vice can never be allied to virtue; and ſuch a Friend cannot ſuffer me to remain in follies or in weakneſſes.

It was a remarkable ſaying of Pyrrhus, 'Save 'me from the judgement of friends, for I have 'no fear of any other perſon.' And Pliny, when he had loſt a Friend, laments, that he fears he ſhall fall back out of the paths of virtue; for that he had loſt his director, and the guide of all his actions.

True friendſhip neceſſarily requires us to be virtuous, ſince it cannot exiſt any where but where virtue is; and we muſt follow the dictates of the one, as the only means of preſerving the other. We find in Friendſhip therefore the aſſurance of good counſel, the emulation of worthy example, the leſſening of our ſorrows by dividing them, and relief in all our occaſions and neceſſities which came unſought, even unaſked. Theſe are the genuine characters of true Friendſhip, and by theſe we may always know it.

Would any one be eſteemed and valued in the world, let him be ſeen with thoſe who are eſteemed and valued; and therefore, let him well conſider firſt the character of ſuch as he intends to make his Friend.

Montaigne, who has ſo delicately and lively given us his ſentiments of Friendſhip, tells us, that 'he was ſtruck with the perſon of his 'Friend, as a man with that of the woman he 'adores.'

'adores.' Human life can never be in ſuch a ſtate of independence, but that we may be of aſſiſtance to one another; but this ſervice ought to be the fruits of Friendſhip, not Friendſhip the effect of thoſe ſervices: there ought alſo to be in Friendſhips a ſimilarity of ſentiments, of ages, and even of deſires.

In Friendſhip, as in love, we ſhould not be laviſh in our enjoyments at firſt; but regulate them with a proper œconomy, ſo as to make them laſting.

If ever you find yourſelf grow warm, be cautious of yourſelf; Paſſion always robs the throne of Juſtice: there are ſome however who think they never have one fault; but they have a hundred, as they never get into an ill habit but they know not where to ſtop it.

Many may imagine that Friendſhip reaches no farther than the grave, and that after the death of a Friend we can have no obligation to fulfil: few have hearts ſuſceptible of Friendſhip for the dead. But notwithſtanding that the nobleſt funeral ſolemnity is the tenor of virtuous Friends, and the hearts of ſuch is the moſt glorious of all ſepulchres, yet the living Friend is not to ſuppoſe that thoſe tears, which he beſtows as much upon himſelf as on the dead, can acquit him of his vows. No, there are duties yet remaining to their remembrance, their fame, their honour, and their family. They ought to live in our hearts, by the warmeſt ſentiments of reſpect and honour; in our mouths, by their praiſe; and in our me-

mory, by our conduct, and the imitation of their virtue.

Every woman who is faithful, and keeps ſacred the virtue of her ſex, may flatter herſelf with expectation of that invaluable bleſſing; Friendſhip being the proper reward of virtuous life: but as love is too often managed in the politic part of the world at this time, there is, alas! but little reaſon to hope it; their engagements uſually terminating in breaches: and thence bring ſhame, the certain attendant on vice.

Women are ſo unhappy, that they can never place an abſolute dependance on one another's Friendſhip. The natural foibles to which they know each other to be prone, form an unſurmountable obſtacle: and their friendſhips are always formed from neceſſity, never from choice.

The female breaſt, which has never been ruffled and diſturbed by love, is ever tender, and delicately ſenſible in its Friendſhips; and it muſt be acknowledged in regard to the Ladies, be it either to their honour or their ſhame, they always feel very deeply what they profeſs in earneſt. Men often ſpeak from the fancy, women always from the heart; and Nature having bound the two ſexes together by inviſible bond and alliance, both find every thing in their hearts prepared for Friendſhip.

The works of Nature are of all others the moſt perfect; and thoſe wherein that great agent has but a ſmaller ſhare, are never without their jarring parts. In Friendſhip between man and woman, where love has no ſhare, we naturally feel

feel the whole to be the work of this admirable agent; and we hereby find the ſecret bands, the natural ſympathy, and all that unſurmountable inclination ſhe has implanted in us towards one another.

The moſt deſirable bleſſing can only be the reward of merit; but we are, when poſſeſſed of it, to be ſtrongly on our guard againſt ourſelves, leſt what at firſt was virtue, end in paſſion.

'When Damon was ſentenced by Dionyſius of 'Syracuſe to die on a certain day, he begged per-'miſſion, in the interim, to retire to his own 'country, to ſet the affairs of his diſconſolate 'family in order. This the tyrant intended per-'emptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he con-'ceived, on the impoſſible conditions of his pro-'curing ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his 'return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias 'heard the conditions, and did not wait for an 'application upon the part of Damon; he in-'ſtantly offered himſelf as ſecurity for his friend; 'which being accepted, Damon was immedi-'ately ſet at liberty. The king and all the cour-'tiers were aſtoniſhed at this action; and there-'fore when the day of execution drew near, his 'majeſty had the curioſity to viſit Pythias in his 'confinement. After ſome converſation on the 'ſubject of Friendſhip, in which the tyrant di-'livered it as his opinion, that ſelf-intereſt was 'the ſole mover of human actions; as for vir-'tue, Friendſhip, benevolence, love of one's 'country, and the like, he looked upon them 'as terms invented by the wiſe to keep in awe

'and impoſe upon the weak;' "My lord," 'ſaid Pythias, with a firm voice and noble 'aſpect, "I would it were poſſible that I might "ſuffer a thouſand deaths, rather than my friend "ſhould fail in any article of his honour. He "cannot fail therein, my lord; I am as confi- "dent of his virtue, as I am of my own exiſt- "ence. But I pray, I beſeech the gods, to "preſerve the life and integrity of my Damon "together: oppoſe him, ye winds, prevent the "eagerneſs and impatience of his honourable en- "deavours, and ſuffer him not to arrive, till "by my death I have redeemed a life a thou- "ſand times of more conſequence, of more va- "lue, than my own; more eſtimable to his "lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, "to his friends, to his country. O leave me "not to die the worſt of deaths in my Damon." 'Dionyſius was awed and confounded by the dig- 'nity of theſe ſentiments, and by the manner in 'which they were uttered: he felt his heart ſtruck 'by a ſlight ſenſe of invading truth; but it 'ſerved rather to perplex than undeceive him. 'The fatal day arrived; Pythias was brought 'forth, and walked amidſt the guards with a ſe- 'rious, but ſatisfied air, to the place of execu- 'tion. Dionyſius was already there: he was ex- 'alted on a moving throne, that was drawn 'by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive, and 'attentive to the priſoner. Pythias came. 'He vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold, and behold- 'ing for ſome time the apparatus of his death, 'he turned with a placid countenance, and ad-

dreſſed

' dreſſed the ſpectators: " My prayers are heard,"
' he cried: " the gods are propitious; you
" know, my friends, that the winds have been
" contrary till yeſterday. Damon could not
" come, he could not conquer impoſſibilities;
" he will be here to-morrow, and the blood
" which is ſhed to-day, ſhall have ranſomed
" the life of my friend. O could I eraſe from
" your boſoms every doubt, every mean ſuſpi-
" cion, of the honour of the man for whom I
" am about to ſuffer, I ſhall go to my death
" even as I would to my bridal. Be it ſuffi-
" cient, in the mean time, that my friend will
" be found noble, that his truth is unimpeach-
" able, that he will ſpeedily prove it, that he is
" now on his way, hurrying on, accuſing him-
" ſelf, the adverſe elements, and the gods; but
" I haſte to prevent his ſpeed: Executioner, do
" your office." ' As he pronounced the laſt
' words, a buz began to riſe among the remot-
' eſt of the people; a diſtant voice was heard,
' the croud caught the words, and, *Stop, ſtop*
' *the execution*, was repeated by the whole aſ-
' ſembly: a man came at full ſpeed; the throng
' gave way to his approach: he was mounted on
' a ſteed of foam: in an inſtant he was off his
' horſe, on the ſcaffold, and held Pythias ſtraitly
' embraced. " You are ſafe" ' he cried,' " you
" are ſafe, my Friend, my beloved Friend; the
" gods be praiſed, you are ſafe. I now have no-
" thing but death to ſuffer, and I am delivered
" from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches which I
" gave myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo

" much dearer than my own." ' Pale, cold, and ' half-ſpeechleſs in the arms of his Damon, Py- ' thias replied in broken accents — " Fatal haſte! " —Cruel impatience!—What envious powers " have wrought impoſſibilities in your favour? " — But I will not be wholly diſappointed — " Since I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive " you." ' Dionyſius heard, beheld, and con- ' ſidered all with aſtoniſhment. His heart was ' touched, he wept; and leaving his throne, he ' aſcended the ſcaffold.' " Live, live, ye in- " comparable pair!" ' he cried;' " ye have " borne unqueſtionable teſtimony to the exiſtence " of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the " exiſtence of a God to reward it. Live happy, " live renowned! and, O form me by your pre- " cepts, as ye have invited me by your example, " to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred " a friendſhip."

NUMBER II.

O thou art tender all,
Gentle and kind, as ſympathizing nature!

OTWAY.

NO man is perfectly virtuous, or perfectly vicious. He whoſe general courſe of actions is virtuous, though he may in ſome inſtances deviate, is denominated a virtuous man, and *vice verſâ*; ſo with reſpect to benevolence and malevolence, he in whom the former is the principle or motive from which he more generally acts, may be ſtiled a benevolent man: and that there is ſuch a principle in the human breaſt, is evident from numberleſs evidences; as, when we are excited to charity, by compaſſion for the misfortune and diſtreſſes of our fellow-creature, without the conſideration of any poſſible advantage to ourſelves; the diſpoſition we feel to aſſiſt other animals in miſery, who can make no return, nor are ſenſible of the obligation; the tenderneſs for children, not only in parents but in ſtrangers: and though that of the former ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by the term Inſtinct, it is not therefore the leſs natural; for it is ſuppoſed that benevolence is planted in us by the God of nature, as a principle of action. Hence the pain we feel in the relation of the ſufferings of others, who have no connection with us, who are utterly unknown to us, in paſt ages, and diſtant coun-

tries; and the ardent wiſhes to relieve, even where it is not in our power: the deteſtation of cruelty, which we properly call Inhumanity, and the approbation of kind and beneficent actions. If it be pretended that 'this however centers all in ſelf, that we are ſo made as to be 'ſubject to theſe ſenſations; and that therefore, in relieving the diſtreſſed, we only remove 'our own perſonal uneaſineſs; or in wiſhing it, 'only wiſh to do ſo: that we gratify ourſelves 'by making others happy;' be it ſo, this is the very thing contended for; and the true difference between a benevolent and a malevolent being, conſiſts plainly in this, that the former cannot be happy in this alone, while he ſees others miſerable about him, and therefore aſſiſts and relieves them if he can; and if he cannot, wiſhes to do ſo, and by ſympathy ſuffers with thoſe who ſuffer: whereas the happineſs of the latter (if ſuch there be) centers in himſelf alone, without regard to others, without being uneaſy at their calamities, or pleaſed with their enjoyments, this being properly Selfiſh in the bad ſenſe of the word.

Surely theſe two characters are very different; but though no one is perfect in either, yet there is apparently a more and a leſs, and the predominant diſpoſition denominates the character, as was ſaid of the virtuous and vicious in general. Neither does the perfect benevolence in the duty neceſſarily exclude Self, if it be allowed, for illuſtration, to uſe that term, in a ſenſe no way derogatory from his infinite perfections. For is not

not he himſelf ſaid to be delighted in doing good, in communicating happineſs? and if (as is commonly ſuppoſed) he is perfectly free, then he could communicate miſery as eaſily as happineſs, had he choſen it; to ſay he could not, is to ſay he is not free; but that he will not, is owing to his goodneſs or benevolence.

If this ſlight repreſentation be not, as far as it goes, a fair account of the matter, what different qualities are eſſential to true benevolence? and particularly, can it be thought an eſſential, that the mind ſhould feel neither pleaſure nor pain, on account of the happineſs or miſery of others? Such an apathy ſeems inconſiſtent even with the definition of that malevolence aſcribed by ſome to human nature; for it is aſſerting, that men have pleaſure in giving pain. Muſt it not follow thus, that the contrary is benevolence? that if he who rejoices in tormenting is malvolent, he who rejoices in communicating happineſs is benevolent? And as the malevolent is the more hateful and diabolical, the more he delights in the miſery of others; ſo the benevolent is the more amiable and godlike, the more he delights in the happi. eſs of others. Let it not be carried to too great height, to be in the leaſt danger of your own happineſs; for though there may be many of the ſame generous diſpoſition, it may not be your lot to fall in among them, but ruin yourſelf, by relieving the calamities of others; of which the following is an inſtance.

Aſam had ſpent his youth with men; had ſhared in their amuſements; and had been taught

to

to love his fellow-creatures with the moſt ardent affection: but from the tenderneſs of his diſpoſition, he exhauſted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the diſtreſſed. The petitioner never ſued in vain; the weary traveller never paſſed his door; he only deſiſted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus ſpent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from thoſe he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redreſs: the ungrateful world ſoon grew tired of his importunities; for pity is but a ſhort-lived paſſion: he ſoon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thouſand vices he never before ſuſpected to exiſt: wherever he turned, ingratitude, diſſimulation and treachery, contributed to increaſe his deteſtation of them. Reſolved therefore to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his deteſtation with contempt, he retired to his region of ſterility, in order to brood over his reſentment in ſolitude, and converſe with the only honeſt heart he knew; namely, with his own.

NUMBER

NUMBER III.

'Tis not the place diſguſt or pleaſure brings;
From our own mind our ſatisfaction ſprings.

A Man who has it in his power to chuſe his own company, would certainly be much to blame ſhould he not, to the beſt of his judgement, take ſuch as are of a temper moſt ſuitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is miſtaken in his choice, and yet under a neceſſity of continuing in the ſame company, it will certainly be his intereſt to carry himſelf as eaſily as poſſible.

An agreement and kind correſpondence between friends and acquaintances, is the greateſt pleaſure of life. This is an undoubted truth; and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world, will be almoſt perſuaded to believe the contrary: for how can we ſuppoſe people ſhould be ſo induſtrious to make themſelves uneaſy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealouſies of one another upon every the leaſt occaſion? Yet ſo it is, there are people who (as it ſhould ſeem) delight in being troubleſome and vexatious; who (as Tully ſpeaks) 'Have a 'certain chearfulneſs in wrangling.' And thus it happens, that there are few families in which there are not feuds and animoſities; though it is every one's intereſt, there more particularly, to avoid them, becauſe there (as I would willingly hope)

hope) no one gives another uneaſineſs without feeling ſome ſhare of it. But as there always will ariſe, among the ſame company, either for want of diverſity of objects, or the like cauſes, a certain ſatiety, which may grow into ill-nature or diſcontent; whoever ſays a peeviſh thing, or acts any thing which betrays a ſourneſs or indiſpoſition to company, ſhould immediately be conveyed away: a perſon ſeeing or knowing the ill-natured fit coming on ſhould retire, ſhall be received on his return with the higheſt marks of eſteem. By theſe and other wholeſome methods it is expected, that if they cannot cure one another, yet at leaſt they have taken care that the ill-humour of one ſhall not be troubleſome to the reſt of the company. There are many other rules which might be eſtabliſhed for the good of mankind, and be a happineſs to have to do with ſuch kind of people who practiſe them. That excellent moraliſt, Seneca, on good company, ſays, 'The comfort of life depends upon converſation, good offices and concord; and human ſociety, is like the working of an arch of ſtone, all would fall to the ground, if one piece did not ſupport another.' Above all things let us have a tenderneſs for blood; and it is yet too little not to hurt, unleſs we profit one another. We are to relieve the diſtreſſed; to put the wanderer in his way; and to divide our bread with the hungry; which is but the doing of good to ourſelves; for we are only ſeveral members of one great body. Nay, we are all of a conſanguinity, formed of the ſame materials, and

and designed for the same end: this obliges us to a mutual tenderness and converse; and the other, to live with a regard to equity and justice. The love of society is natural, but the choice of our company is matter of virtue and prudence. Noble examples stir us to noble actions; and the very history of large and public souls, inspires a man with generous thoughts. It makes a man long to be in action, and doing of something, that the world may be the better for; as protecting the weak, delivering the innocent, punishing the insolent. It is a great blessing, the very conscience of giving a good example, besides that it is the greatest obligation any man can lay upon the age he lives in. He that converses with the proud, shall be puffed up: a lustful acquaintance makes a man lascivious; and the way to secure a man from wickedness, is to withdraw from the example of it: it is too much to have them near us, but more to have them within us. Ill examples, pleasure, and ease, are, no doubt of it, great corrupters of manners. A rocky ground hardens the horses hoofs: the mountaineer makes the best soldier, the miner makes the best pioneer, and severity of discipline fortifies the mind. In all excesses, and extremities of good and of ill fortune, let us have recourse to great examples, that have contemned both. Those are the best instructors that teach in their lives, and prove their words by actions.

As an ill air may endanger a good constitution, so may a place of ill example endanger a good man. Nay, there are some places that have

have a kind of privilege to be licentious, and where luxury and diſſolution of manners ſeem to be lawful; for great examples give both authority and excuſe to wickedneſs. Theſe men are to be avoided, as dangerous to our manners.

There is nothing that puts better thoughts into a man, or ſooner ſets him right that is out of the way, than a good companion. For, the example has the force of a precept, and touches the heart with an affection to goodneſs; and not only the frequent hearing and ſeeing of a wiſe man delights us, but the very encounter of him ſuggeſts profitable contemplations, ſuch as a man finds himſelf moved with when he goes into a holy place. I will take more care with whom I eat and drink, than what; for without a Friend, the table is a manger. Writing does well, but perſonal diſcourſe and converſation does better; for men give greater credit to their ears, and take ſtronger impreſſions from example than precept.

It is natural for all of us to love ſociety; we ſhould yet take this along with us, that the more acquaintance the more danger. Nay, there is not one man of an hundred that is to be intruſted with himſelf. If company cannot alter us, it may interrupt us; and he that ſo much as ſtops upon the way, loſes a great deal of a ſhort life; which we yet make ſhorter by our inconſtancy. A wealthy neighbour ſtirs up envy, and a flaring companion moves ill-nature, wherever he comes. The beſt way is to retire, and aſſociate only with thoſe that may be the better for us, and we for them.

Theſe

These respects are mutual; for while we teach, we learn. To deal freely; I dare not trust myself in the hands of such company; I never go abroad, that I come home again the same man I went out; something or other that I had put in order, is discomposed; some passion that I had subdued, gets ahead again; and it is just with our minds as it is with our bodies after a long indisposition, we are grown so tender, that the least breath of air exposes us to a relapse; and it is no wonder if a numerous conversation be dangerous, where there is any single man but by his discourse, example, or behaviour, does either recommend to us, or imprint on us; or, by a kind of contagion, insensibly infects us with one vice or other? And the more people, the greater is the danger. Especially have a care of public spectacles, where wickedness insinuates itself with pleasure; and, above all others, avoid spectacles of cruelty and blood; and have nothing to do with those that are perpetually whining and complaining; there may be faith and kindness, but no peace. People that are either sad, or fearful, we do commonly, for their own sakes, set a guard upon them, for fear they should make an ill use of being alone; especially the imprudent, who are still contriving of mischief, either for others, or for themselves; in cherishing their lusts, or forming their designs.

Almeria was a young lady of great fortune and beauty, but what added still more to her charms, was her surprising sensibility: she had a surprising number of suitors; but, though many of them

them were great in fortune and birth, they were far beneath her in converſation; and, inſtead of encouraging their ſuits, ſhe avoided them with diſdain. Alonzo, a young perſon of a good family, but rather poor, made his addreſſes to her; his thoughts, his words coincided with hers, and ſeemed as if two minds were joined in one: ſhe looked on him with pity; but how to prefer one ſo far beneath thoſe that were her ſuitors, ſhe was rather at a ſtand. She told the others her heart was fixed, and it would be in vain for them to importune her any longer: they took her advice, and retired, and ſhe gave her hand to Alonzo, with theſe words: 'I would ſooner give my 'heart to a man of converſation, and poor, 'than to a fool and a vain man, loaded with 'riches.'

NUMBER

NUMBER IV.

The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation.

SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY circumſtance of human life has ſome particularity, to which it either is indebted, or which it has ſome cauſe to repent at; as plainly appears by every fortunate and unfortunate ſtep which we are liable to. But to acquire a good reputation is neceſſary to both theſe, as it will ſerve the prudence of one, and always be a ſafeguard to the other. Reputation is as much neceſſary towards a happy life, as the warmth of the ſun is to the growth of nature. Without it life would be a mere burden, and many, I preſume to ſay, would rather have loſt their lives, than to live under the reproaches which they have brought on themſelves. A man with a good name, and poor, is preferable to one with riches, and a bad one.

The firſt grand point for any calling in life, is to acquire a good name, without which you have little chance to proſper; and if, on the other hand, unforeſeen misfortunes happen, this alone will be your beſt friend. Conſider but the fate of one who has loſt this valuable acquiſition; he has loſt his bread, and is deſpiſed by every one, and never has an opportunity of regaining what is loſt.

Reputation

Reputation ſhould be compared to a piece of white paper, if once blotted, can never be brought to its original perfection; a ſtain will always remain upon it, and even time itſelf will not eradicate it. To gain this acquiſition, a man muſt behave with all the circumſpection and integrity imaginable: if he acts in a public capacity, it is impoſſible for him to live clear of ſcandal: a thouſand little minds will ſwell with envy, to ſee him raiſed above them, and endeavour all they can with their poiſonous breath to obſcure his glory, and tarniſh his reputation. Words and actions are eaſily miſrepreſented; and Ill-nature, that ſpeaks well of no body, can every where find ſufficient matter to calumniate even the moſt innocent.

The cardinal virtue of life, with reſpect to others, is to acquire and maintain a good reputation, ſuited to the ſtation we are placed in. Among an hundred other weighty reaſons, this is one, that a good reputation is the moſt infallible means of ſucceſs in our aims and endeavours, that the uncertainty of worldly things admits of. There are, indeed, inſtances of men who, by a good hit in buſineſs, or by the force of a great fortune, ſhall go on and flouriſh in the world, though every one that knows them, both ſpeaks and thinks ill of them; and of others, who are univerſally eſteemed and commended, and yet unſucceſsful in their attempts and deſigns. But theſe things are the works of Fortune, and only exceptions to a general rule.

One

One reaſon for endeavouring after a good reputation is this, that it is a thing may be obtained with leſs pains, and more eaſe, than any other valuable acquiſition. The perfections of our body are entirely out of our power, ſo alſo is a genius for arts, ſciences, and learning. A habit of religion and chriſtian virtue will coſt us many vigorous contentions from time to time, with many very powerful inclinations. Learning and knowledge are not to be attained without a a long and wearisome application, even by thoſe who have a capacity for them; but a good reputation is obtained only by a little care in our choice, when we have two actions before us, which are commonly equally eaſy and practicable.

It coſts no more, and is no more difficult, farther than habit has made it ſo, to be ſober, careful, diligent, obliging, affable, and condeſcending, than to be otherwiſe; yet a man's character depends much on the want or poſſeſſion of theſe eaſy attainments.

Sincerity and punctuality are two qualities that add a wonderful luſtre to our reputation. It will oftentimes coſt a man very great ſtruggling, and bring him to inconveniencies now and then, to keep up to thoſe characters; but be the pains ever ſo great, the reward is anſwerable.

Young perſons, through inconſideration and inexperience, have almoſt always wrong notions of reputation. Many of them do not concern themſelves at all about it. Many of them ſet up for a kind of inverted reputation, and affect to diſtinguiſh themſelves, by ſhewing a contempt

and diſregard of every thing that is ſerious and ſober.

The beſt courſe they uſually take, is only to endeavour ſo far to excel in uſeful qualifications, that the reputation they acquire that way may ſupport ther character under ſome favourable folly or wildneſs.

A good reputation, and a great one, are two very different things, and are often poſſeſſed of by different perſons. It is, in truth, a very great rarity to find them together.

The latter is produced by talents and abilities far above the common ſtandard; for which reaſon it is aimed at, in the firſt place, by all who are, or think they are, poſſeſſed of ſuch. The former is uſually the portion of men of more moderate capacities; and is in the power of the meaneſt perſon to obtain; being derived only from a decent behaviour in any ſtation.

A great reputation is not ſo deſirable as a good one; for the ſame reaſon, that a very high ſtation is not ſo eligible as a middle ſituation. A great reputation is not to be maintained without continual labour and ſolicitude; it being a poſſeſſion of the moſt delicate neture that a man can enjoy.

Fear of rivals is its ins conſtant attendant; which, beſide the diſquiet it brings with it, is apt to lay men under temptatious to injure thoſe who do, or may hereafter, appear capable of riſing to their own character.

Rochefaucault in his Maxims ſays, 'We 'ſhould be careful to deſerve a good reputation, 'by

'by doing well; and, when that care is once 'taken, not to be over-anxious about the ſuc-'ceſs.'

Let every one be particularly careful of his own reputation, as alſo to be preferred before another; and always have in remembrance, that a tainted reputation is the worſt calamity that can befal any one.

Philip king of Macedon, being urged to aſſiſt a perſon whoſe reputation would be quite loſt by the ſentence which was going to be pronounced againſt him; 'I had rather,' ſays he 'that he 'ſhould loſe his reputation, than I mine.'* Another thing to be adviſed, is, not to put it in the power of another perſon to finger it: it is a ſlight thing, and a very little cauſe may be the ſpoiler of the long-laboured pains which you have been at. Keep your own ſecrets, give good counſel, and this will preſerve it: and when you have once got this ineſtimable jewel, your life will be as happy as it is long. I cannot cloſe this eſſay without obſerving a few admirable lines in the tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh.

O Reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balſam, lovely, ſweet of ſmell,
Whoſe cordial drops once ſpilt by ſome raſh hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude ſpiller ever can collect
To its firſt purity and native ſweetneſs.

* Plutarch.

NUMBER V.

Know then thyſelf ——————
The proper ſtudy of mankind is man.

POPE.

BE acquainted with thyſelf, is a leſſon aſcribed by ſome to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedemon; and one of the greateſt precepts, by general conſent, obſerved among the *ancients*.

When a man employs himſelf upon remote and unneceſſary ſubjects, and waſtes his life upon queſtions which cannot be reſolved, and of which the ſolution would conduce very little to the advancement of happineſs; when he laviſhes his hours in calculating the weight of the terraqueous globe, or in adjuſting ſucceſſive ſyſtems of worlds beyond the reach of the teleſcope; he may be very properly recalled from his excurſions by this precept, and reminded that there is a nearer being with which it is his duty to be more acquainted; and from which his attention has hitherto been withheld by ſtudies, to which he has no other motive than vanity or curioſity.

Self-knowledge is that acquaintance with ourſelves, which ſhews us what we are and do, and ought to be and do, in order to our living comfortably and uſefully here, and happily hereafter.

For a man to assume a character, or aim at a post that does not belong to him, is affectation. And whence is it that affectation of any kind appears so ridiculous,, and exposes man to universal and just contempt; but because it is a certain indication of self-ignorance? Whence is it that many seem so willing to be thought *something, when they are nothing*; and seek to excel in those things in which they cannot, whilst they neglect those things in which they may excel? Whence is it that they counteract the intention of Nature and Providence; that when these intended them one thing, they would fain be another? Whence, I say, but from an ignorance of themselves, the rank of life they are in, and of the part and character which properly belong to them?

It is a just observation, and an excellent document of a moral heathen, that 'human life is 'a drama, and mankind the actors, who have 'their several parts assigned them by the Master 'of the theatre, who stands behind the scenes, 'and observes in what manner every one acts. 'Some have a short part allotted them, and 'some a long one; some a low, and some a 'high one. It is not he that acts the highest, 'or most shining part on the stage, that comes 'off with the greatest applause; but he that acts 'his part best, whatever it be. To take care 'then to act our respective parts in life well, is 'ours; but to choose what part in life we shall 'act, is not ours, but *God's*.'—But a man can never act his part well, if he does not attend to it; does not know what becomes it; much less

if he affects to act another, which nature never deſigned him. It is always ſelf-ignorance that leads a man to act out of character.

It is no uncommon thing for ſome who excel in one thing, to imagine they may excel in every thing; and not content with that ſhare of merit which every one allows them, are ſtill catching at that which doth not belong to them. Why ſhould a good orator wiſh to be thought a poet? Why muſt a celebrated divine ſet up for a politician? or a ſtateſman affect the philoſopher? or a mechanick the ſcholar? or a wiſe man labour to be thought a wit? This is a weakneſs that flows from ſelf-ignorance, and is incident to the greateſt men. Nature ſeldom forms an univerſal genius, but deals out her favours in the preſent ſtate with a parſimonious hand. Many a man by this foible hath weakened (what I obſerved in the foregoing eſſay) a well-eſtabliſhed reputation.

A wiſe man has his foibles as well as a fool; but the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himſelf, and concealed from the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world, and concealed from himſelf. The wiſe man ſees thoſe frailties in himſelf which others cannot; but the fool is blind to thoſe blemiſhes in his character which are conſpicuous to every body elſe: whence it appears that ſelf-knowledge is that which makes the main difference between a wiſe man and a fool, in the moral ſenſe of the word. If you would know yourſelf, you muſt examine this point

point thoroughly: conſider in what company you are moſt apt to loſe the poſſeſſion and government of yourſelf; on what occaſions you are apt to be moſt vain and unguarded, moſt warm and precipitant. Flee that company, avoid thoſe occaſions, if you would keep your conſcience clear. What is it that robs you of your time and temper? If you have a due regard to the improvement of the one, and the preſervation of the other, you will regret ſuch a loſs, and ſhun the occaſions of it, as carefully as you would a road beſet with robbers.

It is a common obſervation, that we ſet out in life with ſuch poor beginnings of knowledge, and grow up under ſuch remains of ſuperſtition and ignorance, ſuch influence of company and faſhion, ſuch inſinuations of pleaſure, &c. that it is no wonder if men 'get habits of thinking 'only in one way; that theſe habits in time 'grow rigid and confirmed; and ſo their minds 'come to be overcaſt with thick prejudices, 'ſcarce penetrable by any ray of truth, or light 'of reaſon.'

The human mind is very apt to be prejudiced either for or againſt certain perſons, as well as certain ſentiments; and as prejudice will lead a man to talk very unreaſonably with regard to the latter, ſo will it lead him to act as unreaſonably with regard to the former. For inſtance: what is the reaſon that we cannot help having a more hearty affection for ſome perſons than others? Is it from a ſimilarity of taſte and temper? or ſomething in their addreſs, that flatters our va-

nity? or ſomething in their humour that hits our fancy? or ſomething in their converſation that improves our underſtanding? or a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and agreeableneſs of manners, that is naturally engaging? or from benefits received or expected from them? or from ſome eminent and diſtinguiſhed excellency in them? or from none of theſe, but ſomething elſe, we cannot tell what? Such ſort of enquiries will ſhow us whether our eſteem and affections be rightly placed, or flow from mere inſtinct, blind prejudice, or ſomething worſe. And ſo, on the other hand, with regard to our diſaffection to any one.

Never affect to be more knowing or more ignorant than you really are; for it is very common for ſome men to make themſelves appear to know more than they do, and in all companies ſtrive to outſhine the reſt; ſo that in two or three converſations they are drawn dry, and you ſee the bottom of them much ſooner than you firſt imagined. And there are others, who, to ſhew they have greater inſight and penetration than other men, inſiſt upon the abſolute uncertainty of ſcience. As this, as well as all other perfections, may be gained here, it will not be improper to propoſe a few rules for the obtaining of it. Firſt, conſider well what character you bear among your enemies. Friends flatter us as much as our own hearts; they either do not ſee our faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them, by their repreſentations, after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice

notice of. And on the contrary, an adverſary lets us know our temper in its true colour. A Friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy enflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give juſt attention to both of them, as far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch, in his eſſay on the benefit we receive from enemies, ſays, 'By the reproaches which they caſt upon us, we 'ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our 'eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our 'lives and converſations, which we ſhould not 'obſerve without the help of ſuch ill-natured 'monitors.' Likewiſe we ſhould obſerve how far we deſerve the praiſes and approbations which the world beſtows upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues which gain us applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the opinion of others, and to ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgement of the world. And in order that we ſhould not deceive ourſelves in a point of ſo much importance, we ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs, that are of a doubtful nature; and ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves; and we ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection in points where it is not impoſſible that

we may be deceived. We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe actions which proceed from natural conſtitution, favourite paſſions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe, or the like caſes, a man's judgement is eaſily perverted, and a wrong bias is hung upon his mind. Theſe are the inlets of prejudices, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thouſand errors and ſecret faults find admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of.

NUMBER

NUMBER VI.

How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of ſoft humanity!

THE diſtreſſes of our fellow-creatures excite a natural ſympathy from the feeling part of mankind: a generous mind delights in ſoftening the diſtreſſes of others, and never lets ſlip an opportunity of behaving with humanity. By humanity, is to be underſtood the concern men feel for the human ſpecies in general; for this ſingle reaſon, that they are men like themſelves, without being united either by the ties of blood, of love, or Friendſhip.

To love men, and to behave towards them with kindneſs, only from the ſingle conſideration of their being of the human race, is properly humanity. This ſentiment engraven on the heart, aſſures us of the other ſocial virtues, and proves that they alſo are imprinted there. He who loves a man, though he is in all reſpects a ſtranger to him, for no other reaſon but becauſe he is a man, certainly will not fail to love him to whom he is bound by cloſer engagements, and who joins to the quality of a man, that of a Friend, a relation, or a countryman.

Humanity is, with reſpect to the other ſocial affections, what the firſt layer of colouring is to the picture; it is the ground on which are painted all the different kinds of love, engagement, and

Friendſhip; and therefore, whoever wants humanity, will be a bad father, a bad huſband, and a bad Friend.

The ſentiment of humanity, or the love of our fellow-creatures, may be diſcovered two ways; either by real effects, or by ſimple teſtimonies of affection.

What a happineſs it is to any man, that can ſay he has done real ſervice to any in diſtreſs! The pleaſure that will ariſe from it, is greater than the trouble or expence he has been at; and in caſe of the like misfortune, he may hope to be relieved. Compaſſion is a debt which one human creature owes to another; a debt which no diſtinction of ſect or party, no imputation of character, no degree of ingratitude, unkindneſs, or cruelty, will cancel. When we ſee that a fellow-creature hath need of our aſſiſtance, to enquire to what country he belongs, what religious tenets he profeſſes, or what party-name he wears, betrays the moſt contemptible bigotry and weakneſs; but to deny him our charitable aid, or to treat him with the leaſt degree of indifference or neglect, becauſe he happens to profeſs a religion, or belong to a ſociety, different from our own, is unpardonable inhumanity.

He who can withhold the tear of compaſſion, or delay the offices of charity, till he hath ſatisfied himſelf concerning ſuch trifles as theſe, hath a narrow contracted ſpirit, a cold-feeling heart, which can never do honour to any religion, or any ſect. The object who ſolicits my notice may be a Mahometan, a Pagan, a Jew, or a wild Bar-

Barbarian: but what have I to do with his religion, or his country? It is enough for me that I am aſſured he deſerves my pity, and needs my aſſiſtance. He may have been a perſon of vile and abandoned character; he may even have greatly injured and offended me; but is he, on that account, the leſs my brother, or the leſs in need of my kindneſs? If I ſee him in diſtreſs, it is not now a time to call to mind his faults, or to upbraid him with his conduct: the more unworthy he is of my Friendſhip, the greater affronts he hath offered me, the better opportunity I have of manifeſting my diſintereſted benevolence, and my forgiving temper.

Compaſſion is a plant which flouriſheth in the human heart, as in its native ſoil. The damps of ſuperſtition and bigotry may blaſt it; the weeds of pride and avarice may riſe up around it, and check its growth; but it is impoſſible that it ſhould be entirely eradicated or deſtroyed. It ſeems implanted within us by our Maker, for the moſt wiſe and benevolent purpoſes; to expand our views and deſires beyond the narrow limits of our own private intereſt; to awaken in us a proper degree of attention to the welfare of others; and to afford us the moſt refined and Godlike pleaſure. 'To weep with them that 'weep,' yields to the generous mind a gratification little inferior to that which it feels when it 'rejoices with them that rejoice.' He whoſe ſoul is framed of tenderneſs, and whoſe heart naturally and warmly intereſts itſelf in the concerns, and participates the afflictions, of others,

experiences ſuch happineſs in the exerciſe of theſe affections, that he cannot help pitying and deſpiſing thoſe who are entirely wrapt up in themſelves and their own affairs, and are ſtrangers to the pleaſing ſenſations of benevolence and compaſſion.

'It was a cuſtom with Alexander the Great 'to oblige the captive women, whom he carried 'along with him, to ſing ſongs after the manner 'of their country. He happened among theſe 'women to perceive one who appeared in deeper 'affliction than the reſt, and who, by a modeſt, 'and, at the ſame time, a noble confuſion, 'diſcovered a greater reluctance than the others 'to appear in public. She was a perfect beauty; which was very much heightened by her 'baſhfulneſs, whilſt ſhe threw her eyes on the 'ground, and did all ſhe could to conceal her 'face. The king ſoon imagined, by her air and 'mien, that ſhe was not of vulgar birth; and 'enquiring himſelf into it, the lady anſwered, 'that ſhe was grand-daughter to Octius, who 'not long before had ſwayed the Perſian ſceptre, 'and daughter of his ſon; that ſhe had married 'Hyſtaſpes, who was related to Darius, and 'general of a great army. Alexander being 'touched with compaſſion, when he heard the 'unhappy fate of a princeſs of the blood royal, 'and the ſad condition to which ſhe was reduced, not only gave her her liberty, but returned all her poſſeſſions; and cauſed her huſband to be ſought for, in order that ſhe might 'be reſtored to him.'

It

It is impoſſible to bear about one the common ſentiments of humanity, and not to be moved at the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate; of ſuch eſpecially, as are unhappy from cauſes entirely out of their own power. The ſame generous diſpoſition of ſoul which can rejoice at the proſperity of others without envy, muſt naturally compaſſionate the miſerable, and endeavour at their relief. All mankind are ſo nearly related, ſo dependant on each other, ſo much ſubject to the ſame calamities, and are differenced from one another by circumſtances in themſelves ſo minute, ſo merely accidental, that even the greateſt, who reflects what himſelf is, cannot poſſibly deſpiſe the meaneſt. Being born in this or that country, a little ſooner or a little later, in this or that manner, of one or another parent, are generally the cauſes why ſome people are flouriſhing, rich, and happy; others poor, neglected, and deplorable. Theſe conſiderations well attended to, would effectually cure the growth of pride; a paſſion in itſelf deteſtable, and very unſuitable to the condition of a human being, ever dependent and expoſed to accidents; and would inſpire that benevolence towards all, which is the diſtinguiſhing character of a great and noble ſoul.

There is ſomething Godlike in doing good to others; it affords a ſatisfaction infinitely beyond the reach of ſenſe, which it is impoſſible for ſelfiſh groveling ſouls to attain to think of. To beſtow happineſs, to raiſe up a wretched creature from the duſt, and make that life a bleſſing, where miſeries were almoſt inſupport-

able,

able, muſt ſurely give a pleaſure which nothing elſe can give: and I think it is one of the chief-eſt advantages of wealth and power, that the happy poſſeſſor of them is thereby enabled to obtain this glorious ſatisfaction. But if ſo, what muſt we think of thoſe who make a ſport of human wretchedneſs? of thoſe ſavage breaſts that can be content, firſt to occaſion life, and then expoſe it to all the utmoſt pains of want and woe?

NUMBER

NUMBER VII.

The love of gaming is the worſt of ills:
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood;
Deſtroys the pow'r and will of doing good:
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace
And—what is ſtill more dreadful—ſpoils your face

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

NO creature is ſo much a paradox, ſo inconſiſtent with itſelf, as *man*: his conduct and his reaſon are for ever contradictory; he acts in oppoſition to knowledge and conviction, and almoſt every word he ſays is a condemnation of himſelf. He continually is complaining of the ſhortneſs of human life, how unequal it is to the buſineſs to be performed; and yet at the ſame time ſquanders it away as if he was to live a thouſand years, and had nothing at all to do.—How little of it is employed to any uſeful purpoſes, either in the improvement of his own mind, or for the benefit of his fellow-creatures? and how much is either wholly loſt in idleneſs, or ſpent in ſuch a manner as muſt be the ſure occaſion of ſhame, anxiety, and repentance. *Not* how to uſe, but to get rid of time, ſeems to be our chiefeſt ſtudy: and when the *ſoul*, which is

an

an active principle, calls loudly for employment, and will not be at quiet; we ſeek, by mean and trifling diverſions, to amuſe and ſtill its clamour, inſtead of directing its application to what alone deſerves it, the *diſcovery of truth, and amendment of human nature*. The love of gaming is not only pernicious in its conſequences, but abominable in its principle; which is a ſordid and greedy deſire of what belongs to others: it ſoon corrupts and ſpoils whatever breaſt it enters, deſtroying every regard for *juſtice*, *honour*, *humanity*, and *truth*: and in their ſtead ſupplying it with *craft*, *diſſimulation*, *craving ſolicitude*, and *envy*.—It corrupts the beſt principles in the world: like a quickſand, it ſwallows up a man in a moment. How many thouſands have been ruined by this vice? yet you ſay very compoſedly, you cannot live without it. Frivolous excuſe! Is there any violent and ſhameful paſſion which may not uſe the ſame language? Would any one be allowed to ſay, he cannot live without murders, rapes, and robberies? Is gaming without conſideration or intermiſſion, where you aim at the total ruin of your adverſary, where you are tranſported with inſolence at your winning, or thrown into deſpair by loſing; where, inflamed by avarice, you expoſe on a card or dye your own, your wife's, and your childrens fortunes; is this allowable? is this the ſport you cannot live without? And yet are there not other worſe conſequences than theſe, at play, when, entirely ſtripped, when cloaths and furniture have been converted into gaming-money, you ſee your family in unpitied wretchedneſs? An honeſt man

is

is above it; there is much folly, there is wickedneſs, in expoſing one's ſelf to a great loſs. There is one affliction which is laſting, and that is, the loſs of an eſtate. Time, which alleviates all others, ſharpens this: and when, in a few years hence, you ſee that which might have been your own, you envy the poſſeſſor, and wiſh there never had been one: the ſight of grandeur diſpleaſes you; nor yet can you bear the thoughts of poverty. A fortune, when poſſeſſed of by a gameſter, flies away imperceptibly: he does not in the leaſt ſtop, reflect to, or look back, till he feels the laſt piece; and then, as many hours as he enjoyed in pleaſures, as many days will he drag on in miſery. Let me ſuppoſe a man who has got any conſiderable ſum by a fortunate ſtroke of chance: might not he, by the ſame reverſe of chance, have loſt it? This conſideration is worthy the thoughts of every one: for no man can command the fate of chance. One man is not born more fortunate or unlucky than another; but all are liable to the ſame chances and miſchances. For the ſake of making yourſelf rich by a ſtroke at once, always avoid: for that very ſtroke, by which you are ſo much in expectation of, has the ſame chance of making you poor for ever; ſo that it appears that a gradual and honeſt way of riſing in life, in the end ſurpaſſes all the *equal* games and hazards in the world.

'Mira was the only daughter of a nobleman, 'who had bravely ſerved his country: and his 'eſtate being but juſt ſufficient to provide for his 'ſons, Mira had her education under an aunt,

'who

'who afterwards left her fifty thouſand pounds.
'The old lady was what we call a very good ſort
'of a woman; but being very infirm, ſhe led,
'in Mr. Pope's words, "an old age of cards;"
'and Mira, being her darling, ſhe always made
'one of the ſet. By this ſhe contracted an early
'love for play, which at firſt diſguiſed itſelf un-
'der the plauſible appearances of willingneſs to
'oblige her company, and doing ſomewhat to
'paſs the time: but when Mira became miſtreſs
'of herſelf and fortune, ſhe found this paſſion
'ſo ſtrongly confirmed, that it gained an abſo-
'lute aſcendency over her mind; though in all
'other reſpects ſhe was frugal, prudent, and
'virtuous. Her husband, who fills a place
'by which he has opportunities of knowing very
'ſecret tranſactions, loves her to diſtraction;
'and ſhe has every indulgence that fortune or
'nature can beſtow. Her paſſion, however,
'for play led her ſome time ago into a ſet, of
'which Count Crib was one; and ſhe loſt five
'hundred pounds. The frequent demands of
'that kind ſhe had made upon her husband,
'and the many ſolemn promiſes ſhe had given
'not to renew them, rendered it worſe than death
'for her to apply to him; yet the money, be the
'conſequence ever ſo diſagreeable, nay, fatal,
'muſt be obtained. The Count is a ſecret agent
'for the enemies of this country, who ſpare for
'no money to procure intelligence. Though
'every way diſguſtful and diſagreeable, yet his
'readineſs to be in all parties at play, and his
'being always well furniſhed with money, ren-

'ders

'ders him agreeable to what is called the very 'beſt company, though they both know and 'call him a ſpy and a ſharper.

'The Count, who has great experience in di-'ſtreſſes of that kind, ſaw that of the lovely 'Mira, and knew he could make it worth his 'while to relieve her. He pretended to enter 'with her upon a *tête à tête* game at piquet, and 'throwing up the cards all of a ſudden, he ſwore 'he was picking her pocket, becauſe ſhe did not 'mind her game; and that he was ſure ſome-'what was the matter with her. "But, faith, 'continued he, "I am not myſelf in a good "cue for play; I am d———y uneaſy: I would "give five hundred pounds with all my heart—" 'Mira, in her turn, was equally impatient to 'know the Count's diſtreſs; and at laſt ſhe learn-'ed, that he could get a thouſand pounds bet 'with Lord Mattadore upon a certain deſtina-'tion of great importance; but he did not know 'what ſide to take, or how to play his money. 'Mira had good ſenſe enough to ſee through the 'villain's deſign; but the dear delight of being 'again ſet up in play, ſtifled within her all con-'ſideration of duty, love, and loyalty: ſhe ſe-'veral times traverſed the room in a muſing poſ-'ture; but the ſtruggle was ſoon over, and, in 'ſhort, the bargain was ſtruck. She was to 'procure the Count authentic intelligence of the 'deſtination; and he, in return, was to make 'her a preſent of five hundred pounds.

'Mira,

'Mira, upon her return home, affected an 'unuſual gaiety; and what gave vaſt pleaſure to 'her huſband was, that having invited ſome 'friends to ſup, the card-tables were early re-'moved, and the remaining part of the evening 'was dedicated to chearful converſation. The 'unſuſpecting Hortenſio, for that was the huſ-'band's name, went to bed, and falling to ſleep 'more profoundly than uſual, Mira ſeized the 'golden opportunity of tranſcribing from his 'pocket-book, which lay upon a bureau in an 'adjacent cloſet, a paper which contained all, 'and more, than the Count wanted to know. 'In the afternoon, dinner being over, and her 'huſband abroad, under pretence of walking in 'St. James's Park, ſhe got into a hackney 'chair, and hurried to the place of aſſignation, 'with the welcome intelligence to the Count. He 'could not believe his own good fortune, when 'he read it; and being a thorough-bred villain, 'he reſolved to ſeal his correſpondence with 'the beautiful agent with more tender engage-'ments than thoſe of money. Though Mira 'loathed and deteſted him, yet the golden bait, 'which he dangled in her eyes, and which was 'to reſtore her to the comforts of her ſoul, 'proved at laſt irreſiſtible. She plunged, con-'ſcious of her crime, into perdition, and is now 'undone. She has got in her pocket the dou-'ble wages of her perfidy, while her paſſion for 'play will ſoon bring her into circumſtances 'that will oblige her to repeat her crime; and 'a few months will extinguiſh the remains of

'that

'that modeſty and thoſe ſentiments that gave
'dignity to her beauty, and lovelineſs to her
'perfections. Such are the effects of a paſſion
'for gaming.'

'Dorinda chearful, young and gay,
'Brilliant at balls, at Park and play;
'Bleſt with a free engaging air;
'In ſhort, entirely debonnaire:
'Shall I relate?—Excuſe the truth—
'That bane of miſled heedleſs youth,
'Gaming! had quite engroſs'd her mind;
'To not a vice beſide inclin'd.
'Oft would ſhe melancholy ſit,
'No partner near for dear piquet!
'At laſt a cruel ſpoiler came,
'Deep in the myſt'ries of the game,
'A ſon of Mars, with brazen face,
'Furniſh'd with impudence and lace;
'Yet could he fawn, and ſeem'd ſo mild,
'That innocence was ſure beguil'd.
'Her intimacy ſoon he gains:
'She ſeem'd a prize deſerving pains:
'Cards, after nonſenſe, came in courſe;
'By ſap he ſurer works than force.
'The table ſet—the game begins,
'The Captain ſoon her money wins:

She

'She can't deſiſt; loſes and frets;
'Her brilliant necklace then ſhe bets:
'Would ſave her watch, but can't reſiſt,
'A miniature can ſcarce be miſt.
'At laſt both watch and trinkets go
'A prey to the devouring foe!
'Nay more (if fame has told us true)
'She loſt her diamond buckles too!
'Her bracelet next became his prize,
'And in his hat the treaſure lies.
'Upon her virtue next he treats,
'And Honour's ſacred name repeats!
'Then ſwears, with hand upon his breaſt,
'That without her he can't be bleſt;
'Plies her with unremitting pains,
'T' exchange her virtue for his gains.
'Shame now with ſcarlet dies her face;
'He triumphs over her diſgrace:
'Soon turns to jeſt her ſcruples nice;
'In brief, ſhe falls a ſacrifice!
'So ſome fair flower its charms diſplays
'Conſpicuous to the ſolar rays;
'Pride of the garden where it grows,
'Guiltleſs and unſuſpecting where it blows;
'Till ſome foul reptile under ground
'The root approaches, fair and ſound:

'From

'From noxious bite the flower declines,
'And all its beauteous tints reſigns;
'Its verdure fades, it droops its head,
'From cauſe unſeen the plant is dead.
'Spoil'd of her virtue in her prime,
'The dread of ſhame ſucceeds the crime;
'Loſt to the hopes of earthly joy,
'Rage and deſpair her mind deſtroy.
'Dorinda—gentle, hapleſs maid!
'Bereft of Reaſon's timely aid,
'From conſciouſneſs, from Scandal's rod,
'Rous'd, without ſummons, to her God!
'Ye fair, if happineſs ye prize,
'Be warn'd, ſhun gaming, and be wiſe.'

NUMBER VIII.

With wiſe intent
The hand of Nature, on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.

AKENSIDE.

THAT there are but few perſons who act in that ſphere of life for which they ſeem to have been formed by Nature, and to which their capacities and diſpoſitions ſeem beſt ſuited, is a remark that has long ago been made; and it is to be feared, that if we make our obſervations on the generality of men, we ſhall find that the remark is too true. I have lately employed ſome time in thinking on this ſubject, and upon reviewing the ſituation of my acquaintance, I really am of opinion, that moſt of them are as much metamorphoſed by the character they retain, as if they were performing their parts in a maſquerade.

From whatever cauſe this unhappineſs may be derived, the effect it has on ſociety is evident. Men placed in ſituations that do not correſpond with their diſpoſitions and capacities, cannot perform the part they have to act ſo well as if they had been placed in a character that would have ſuited their genius; their abilities lie uſeleſs, and the

the talents they have, for want of being properly applied, are of no value. The caſe is much the ſame as if the manager of a playhouſe was to order thoſe actors who excelled in tragedy, to perform comic parts, and thoſe who excelled in comedy, to perform tragic parts; the conſequence would be, that thoſe perſons who would have ſhone in their reſpective characters, would now, by being diſplaced, be incapable of doing juſtice to the piece, and the whole would end in confuſion.

It would be no eaſy matter to point out all the different cauſes from whence thoſe unhappy effects take their riſe; but there are ſome ſo obvious, that they offer themſelves immediately to the imagination; of theſe, the chief are the miſtaken notions that parents form of their children. The pride of parents, and their covetouſneſs; the partiality that moſt parents have for their offspring, naturally incline them to believe that their talents are equal to any thing; which prevents them from thinking whether their child is capable of ſupporting, with credit, the part they intend for his future ſettlement in life. This may be aſſigned as a reaſon why we have ſo many perſons bred to the pulpit and the bar, who would have been of more advantage to their country in the characters of plain tradeſmen, or humble mechanics.

The pride of parents, eſpecially of thoſe in trade, is another great ſource of this evil: they look upon it as a diſgrace upon themſelves to have their children brought up to any buſineſs but of the genteeleſt kind; by which means we

have merchants that are incapable of comprehending all the intricacies of commerce, that would have been able to manage the accounts and concerns of a retail trade, with profit to themſelves, and benefit to the community. To illuſtrate what I have before obſerved, I ſhall give my readers the hiſtories of four young men, ſons to an eminent tradeſman in the city, who felt in a miſerable manner the ill conſequences that reſult from a miſapplication of natural talents.

'The old man their father had acquired a 'pretty large fortune in his buſineſs, and was 'reſolved to place his ſons in ſuch genteel ſettle-'ments as might cover, as much as poſſible, the 'obſcurit, of their origin. In doing this, he 'did not conſult the diſpoſition of his children, 'or their capacities, but ſettled them, as they 'reſpectively arrived at years of maturity, in 'ſuch profeſſions as happened, at that time, to 'pleaſe his own fancy; but accident decided the 'fate of the eldeſt ſon. The old gentleman 'walking one day through the Park, ſaw a 'company of foot performing their exerciſe, and 'was ſo well pleaſed with the ſight, that he 'reſolved immediately that he would ſettle his 'eldeſt ſon in the army. Accordingly, in a 'ſhort time, he bought him a pair of colours. 'This young man was of a meek, peaceable, 'quiet temper; extremely fond of ſtudy, and a 'ſedentary life, but quite averſe to noiſe and con-'fuſion. The ſecond ſon was devoted to the 'church, for no other reaſon than becauſe it 'was a genteel ſettlement. He was in temper

'juſt the reverſe of his eldeſt brother; fond of 'diverſion and uproar, a ſlave to his paſſions, 'and at ſchool ſhewed ſuch evident marks of his 'courage, that there was ſcarce a boy who had 'not received either a bloody noſe or black eye 'from him. He was as remarkable for being 'the greateſt dunce in the ſchool, as for being 'the greateſt bully: he had ſuch an utter averſion 'to books and ſtudy, that he hated the thoughts 'of either. The third ſon was bound to a ſilk-'mercer, to pleaſe his mother, as ſhe was of 'opinion that "this was the neateſt, the clean-"lieſt, and the genteeleſt buſineſs in town." This 'youth had a greater capacity than any of his 'brothers, was admired for his good ſenſe, and 'ſound underſtanding; was of an enterpriſing 'and bold diſpoſition; was generous, and had a 'great ſpirit: in ſhort, poſſeſſed almoſt every 'perfection belonging to the mind; and was 'equally remarkable for the homelineſs of his 'perſon. He was ſhort, thick, and clumſy; 'very much pitted with the ſmall pox; and, to 'render him ſtill more diſagreeable, had loſt one 'of his eyes, by a fall he received in his infancy. 'The youngeſt ſon was bound to a merchant, 'who carried on the moſt extenſive commerce of 'any houſe in the city. He was of a mean-'ſpirited diſpoſition, and had weak intellects, 'but was fond of talking; handſome in his per-'ſon, and had a genteel addreſs. Theſe were 'the ſettlements that the weakneſs and vanity of 'the father choſe for his unhappy ſons. We

'shall now see what were their fates in situations 'so little correspondent with their capacities.

'The soldier had not been long in the army, 'before a trifling quarrel between him and an- 'other officer brought on a duel, and the young 'man, whose conscience made him shudder as 'much at the thoughts of killing another man, 'as of dying himself, performed his part in the 'encounter so unskilfuly, that he was run through 'at the very first lunge made by his antagonist; 'and thus fell a sacrifice to his father's impru- 'dence. The Clergyman, after he had, by the 'interest of his father, procured a living, gave 'such unbounded liberty to his vicious disposi- 'tion, that he attracted the notice of the Bi- 'shop, who reprimanded him severely, and in a 'publick manner, for his immoral conduct; and 'this not having the desired effect, his living was, 'by authority, taken from him: upon this, in 'a fit of despair, he enlisted as a common soldier, 'and in this state ended his wretched life. The 'Mercer was so disgusted with the triflingness 'of the business that fell to his lot, and so 'offended with the many slights shewn him, 'upon account of his disagreeable figure, by 'the Ladies who came to tumble over the silks, 'that, to lessen his chagrin, he contracted a 'fondness for the bottle, and soon learned to 'drink to such excess, that he fell a victim to 'the powers of Bacchus. The Merchant con- 'tinued his trade but a short time; for his parts 'were so inadequate to the extensiveness and in-

'tricacy

'tricacy of his concerns, that they fell into con-
'fuſion, which ended but with his ruin.'

Thus, by the folly of a parent, the ſons were undone. Each of theſe young men had abilities, but, for want of being properly applied, they were uſeleſs. Had the Soldier been bred to the Church, the Clergyman to the ſword; had the Mercer been a Merchant, and the Merchant a Mercer; had the father adapted their ſituations to their capacities, they might have ſucceeded in their undertakings, and have been a comfort to him in his old age; inſtead of which, they loaded him afflictions, and brought down his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave.

Parents ſhould begin early to obſerve the genius of a child; for it requires time and attention to perform this important taſk: and it is only by a diligent and laborious obſervation, during a ſpace of years, that it can be accompliſhed. They muſt begin by diveſting themſelves, as much as poſſible, of parental prejudices, otherwiſe they will be apt to overrate the abilities of their offſpring. When they imagine they have acquired a perfect knowledge of the youth's capacity, diſpoſition, and conſtitution, it then is time enough to think of a ſettlement for him that correſponds with theſe qualities. Were all fathers to proceed in this manner in the eſtabliſhment of their children, the advantages of it to ſociety would be infinite; each perſon acting in the ſphere for which he was deſigned by Nature, would exert himſelf, and execute to per-

fection his province in the common toil. A judicious modern writer has obſerved, that the ſtrength of the commonwealth does not ſo much conſiſt in the number of its ſubjects, as in the number of people properly employed. Millions of ſouls bred up in idleneſs, or, which is much the ſame thing, millions employed in occupations for which Nature has not fitted them with proper talents, inſtead of being an advantage or ſtrength to the ſociety under which they live, are truly burthenſome, generally become beggars, and live upon the labour and induſtry of the more judiciouſly-employed part of the inhabitants.

NUMBER

NUMBER IX.

This vaſt and ſolid earth, that blazing ſun,
Thoſe ſkies through which it rolls, muſt all have end;
What then is man? The ſmalleſt part of nothing.
Day buries day; month, month; and year the year.

YOUNG.

THERE is not a mortal being, from the higheſt rank in life down to the meaneſt artizan, but conſiders his time as the moſt valuable of his poſſeſſions. The rich man can form no eſtimate of the value of his lands and eſtates, but as they regard time; the courtier, the politician, and even the beau, know the value of it; and fair Maria thinks of it every time ſhe looks in the glaſs. The miſer calculates his uſury by it, and the philoſopher is ſolely employed about the theoretical enjoyment of it; but do either of them make that right uſe of it, as not to wiſh any part of their lives to paſs again, that they might rectify their conduct? To kill time is the great and ſole purſuit of the gay and polite; but little do they think that whilſt they are ſo ungrateful by maſſacreing their beſt friend, they are at the ſame period, and in the ſame proportion, committing ſuicide on themſelves. Others, not knowing how to employ it, complain of the irkſomeneſs of time, while it ſlides too ſlowly to

pleaſe them. Ever filled with the object they are in purſuit of, they eye with regret the interval that ſeparates them from it. How many are there inceſſantly wiſhing for to-morrow; and when to-morrow comes, it is paſſed in the ſame inſignificant, trivial purſuits, as the day before—the next follows to that in the like uſeleſs rotation, till hoary years and real complaints make them lament, how treacherous they have been to themſelves in ſquandering that treaſure, which might have afforded them inexhauſtible ſatisfaction and relief. There is not a more univerſal error prevailing, than that future days will afford that conſolation which the preſent cannot produce; whereby the preſent time is conſidered as irkſome and impertinent, becauſe it intervenes before ſome period, which we imagine is to afford us joys we never before could poſſeſs. Thus, were it in our power, we ſhould reduce one year to but a few hours, and ſacrifice to wearineſs and impatience thoſe dreary intervals which ſeparate us from the deſired moment. The lover who is to attend his miſtreſs to tea, with jealouſy eyes the ill-natured ſeconds that are ſo many rivals and temporary bars to his happineſs: impatient to be with the object of his wiſhes, his mind is too much poſſeſſed with her, to admit of any other thought; and thus, for the imaginary felicity of a ſhort conference, he annihilates the reſt of his exiſtence. The avaricious gameſter, to whoſe ear all is jarring and diſcord but the rattling of the box and dice, curſes every ſtroke of the pendulum, that tells him the moment is not yet come deſtined for his

his ruin. In a word, all the paſſions to which frail nature is ſubject, concur not only to our ruin, but to the deſtruction of our exiſtence during that ſmall ſpace of time allotted us by Providence. Might we not at leaſt expect to find a juſt and rational enjoyment of time in the profeſſed philoſopher? Alas! he contemplates only how he ſhould live, whilſt he forgets he is actually alive; and thus, by purſuing an imaginary exiſtence, is totally eſtranged from the real.

All our life is but one inſtant *now*.

There is more inſtruction in that ſingle line, than in volumes of abſtruſe learning: and ſcholiaſts and bookworms would bluſh to think of the many myriads of lives they have thrown away in pedantic reſearches, without producing a ſingle uſeful leſſon to themſelves, or the world, could they but a moment lay by their learned lumber, and confine all their ſtudies to

Employ that well—for that's within their pow'r.

If there be any among us, and I hope there are many, who know how to limit their deſires, and allay their paſſions with proper temperance, they will not wiſh time to fleet more rapidly than it does; nor will they think their ſpan too ſhort: to live and to enjoy life is with them the ſame thing; ſo that even if they die young, it is not till they have had their juſt proportion of years, and like contented gueſts they riſe from the ſplendid banquet grateful to their hoſt. This is the model we ſhould propoſe to ourſelves for

the enjoyment of life, and we ſhould then view with a juſt contempt and ridicule thoſe who are in a continued laborious purſuit of nothing! With theſe ſcarce does Spring appear, before they want Autumn: ſo that if their prayer were granted, they would inſtantly ſkip from the adoleſcence of youth to the decrepitude of old age. The exiſtence of time is a burden to them; they are greatly terrified leſt they ſhould ſee the end of it; and are therefore conſtantly tormenting themſelves to profane and deſtroy it.

NUMBER

NUMBER X.

With conſtant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can ſtem by art, or ſtop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour;
But wave by wave purſu'd, arrives on ſhore,
And each impell'd behind, impels before:
So time on time revolving we deſcry;
So minutes follow, and ſo minutes fly.

ELPHINSTON.

'LIFE,' ſays Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the 'progreſs of which we are perpetually 'changing our ſcenes: we firſt leave childhood 'behind us, then youth, then the year of ripen-'ing manhood, then the better and more pleaſ-'ing part of old age.' The peruſal of this paſſage having excited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and on a ſudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of wind, and the daſh of water.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far, as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſo much clamour and confuſion; I was told, they were launching out into the Ocean of Life; that we had already paſſed the Streights of Infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their own veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence, of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now upon the main ſea, abandoned to the wind and billows, without any other means of ſecurity than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chooſe, among great numbers that offered their directions and aſſiſtance. I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs; and firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not very noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands all was darkneſs, nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt imbarked. Before me, and on each ſide, was an expanſe of water violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicacious eye could ſee but a little way. It ſeemed to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many ſunk unexpectedly, while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs,

neſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many who, by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in the way againſt the rocks. The current was invariable and inſurmountable: but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was paſſed; yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage; ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction. It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence: for, by ſome univerſal inſatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten: the voyage was purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed: nor was it often obſerved, that the ſight of a wreck made a man change his courſe: if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance. This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition: for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him; and many ſpent their laſt moment

in

in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded. The veſſels in which we had embarked being confeſſed unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage; ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that, how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt. This neceſſity of ſinking might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which Nature offered them as the ſolace of their labour; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terror that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement for the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with Hope, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the gay age of life. Yet all that Hope ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould laſt; and laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions: for, in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they, whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by

by irreparable decay. In the midſt of the Current of Life was the Gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, in which Eaſe ſpread couches of repoſe, and with ſhades, where Pleaſure warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks all who ſailed on the Ocean of Life muſt neceſſarily paſs. Reaſon, indeed, was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through the narrow outlet by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of Pleaſure, that they might ſolace themſelvas with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region; after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

Reaſon was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the Gulph of Intemperance; where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat: but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles with pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom Reaſon was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the Rocks of

Pleaſure,

Pleaſure, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feeble, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach of the Gulph of Intemperance.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repait the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of Pleaſure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill; and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired; nor was it found that artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly: for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the Streight of Infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet in a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of Pleaſure commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching water, and harraſſed themſelves by labour that ſcarce Hope herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs. As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me,

me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown power: 'Gaze not idly 'upon others, when thou thyſelf art ſinking. 'Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when 'thou and they are equally endangered?'

I looked; and ſeeing the Gulph of Intemperance before me, ſtarted, and awaked.

NUMBER

NUMBER XI.

Pity is the tyrant of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.

SHAKESPEARE.

A Mind naturally attentive to the various incidents of life, will ſeldom want hints to afford ſcope for contemplation.

'It is a hard-hearted world,' ſaid a poor old woman, bowed down with age and infirmities, who ſat at the corner of a ſtreet as I paſſed by. It was not the thing ſaid, but the manner of ſaying it, that attracted my attention: ſo I ſtopped, and enquired the reaſon of her complaint. Should not every one do the ſame, if he thinks it in his power to relieve it?

'I juſt now,' ſaid ſhe, 'aſked but a little 'halfpenny out of the abundance of two fine 'Ladies who flaunted along; but inſtead of 'granting my requeſt, they reviled me with 'having been the author of my own miſery, by 'a youth of licentious folly, and indiſcretion; and 'wiſhed that every one of my ſtamp might be'come a ſpectacle to the world, without a heart 'to pity them. I can eaſily ſee what they took 'me for; but—' Here a tear put a ſtop to what ſhould have followed. It was but little I had to ſpare: of that little I gave a part. This incident

incident naturally turned my thoughts upon the feelings of the human heart.

'I would deſpiſe,' ſaid I, as I paſſed along, 'I would deſpiſe the callous heart which can 'feel for no miſeries but its own; and I would 'as ſincerely pity that one, who ſhould be un-'happy at every misfortune that ſhould happen, 'not only to mankind, but to any of the other 'creatures. The hardneſs of the firſt will give 'a ſenſible pain to all who are concerned with 'it; and the ſoftneſs of the laſt will be a conti-'nual torment to itſelf. The Author of Nature 'never required of me that I ſhould weep for 'every death that happens in this great metro-'polis, or that I ſhould ſit down and mourn, 'becauſe there are many who ſink under pinch-'ing poverty, who ſmart by the iron rod of 'oppreſſion, and who ſuffer by a nameleſs va-'riety of other ills, incident to life. I may ab-'ſtain from all theſe, without meriting the ap-'pellation of hard-hearted. But, ſhould I not 'ſhed a tributary tear at the death of my friend; 'ſhould I, being wealthy, heedleſsly paſs by a 'ſuffering indigent; ſhould I, being power-'ful, not endeavour to reſcue the ſlave from the 'hands of his mercileſs oppreſſor; and ſhould 'I wantonly ſport with the wretchedneſs of any 'of the creatures who are formed by the ſame 'Almighty hand as myſelf, I ſhould then de-'ſerve to be blotted out from the creation.'

But though I would recommend ſympathetic tenderneſs in the ſtrongeſt manner, I would, at the ſame time, caution againſt carrying it ſo far

as

as to degenerate into ſillineſs. By being compaſſionate, we endear ourſelves to all who are about us; by being ſilly, we only expoſe ourſelves to laughter and ridicule. We are compaſſionate when we do not willingly hurt even the ſmalleſt inſect; we are ſilly, when we allow ourſelves to be hurt and diſturbed by every thing, without making uſe of thoſe powers that were given us for defence. The Bramins are ſo cautious of taking away animal life, that they wear a piece of cloth over their mouths, to prevent them from deſtroying inſects, by drawing them in with the air; yet even this ſect of men uſe every method in their power, to keep themſelves from being incommoded by noxious creatures in their dwellings. But there are ſome, who are ſo cautious of diſturbing any thing, that they will not even allow the ſpider to be ſwept from the corners of their houſes.

Ridiculous and abſurd as this may appear, it is nevertheleſs more conſiſtent with humanity, and real goodneſs of heart, than that temper which diſpoſes people not only to commit every ſpecies of cruelty, but alſo to ſport with the agonies which they inflict. The greateſt part of mankind only judge by appearance, and therefore they generally eſtimate the pain which an animal ſuffers, by the convulſive motions of its body, and other ſigns that it ſhews of the acuteneſs of its feeling. On this account, they will carefully avoid hurting any creature that is large enough to ſhew, by contorſive motions, or lamentable cries, that it is in pain. But the ſame people will, when animals

animals are too diminutive for theſe, torment them with the greateſt indifference, and frequently ſqueeze a million or two of them to death between their finger and thumb; and all this havock not from their real cruelty of diſpoſition, but merely from inattention. Theſe people would certainly deſiſt from ſuch barbarity, would they conſider that every living creature, however minute, is an organized animal, ſuſceptible of pain and pleaſure; and that the more fine and delicate the conſtruction of the body, perhaps the more exquiſite are the ſenſations belonging to it. Though the actors of this inattentive kind of cruelty are not nearly ſo culpable as thoſe who take pleaſure in tormenting, the effects are ſtill no leſs painful to the animals who ſuffer by their heedleſſneſs; and had they for ſome time a microſcopic eye, to behold the convulſive agonies of the minuteſt animals, it would certainly awaken their attention. But with regard to thoſe people who take pleaſure in tormenting, purely from a principle of levity, to give it no worſe name, and whoſe only aim in giving pain is to divert themſelves with the cries and convulſive ſpaſms of an agonizing creature, they are loſt to all reflection. Human nature only produces ſuch monſters. A human creature, who has any thing of an uncommon appearance, either by nature, accident, age, or poverty, often becomes the ſubject of vulgar ridicule; and he to whom the Author of Nature has denied the uſe of reaſon, we not only ridicule, but perſecute: ſuch an one can ſeldom appear in any populous city, without being in danger

danger of losing his life, to afford amusement to the barbarity of a licentious rabble. There is no possibility of tracing human actions up to any fixed and permanent principles; so contradictory are we all to ourselves, and to each other: and people are frequently to be met with, who are so extremely tender-hearted, that they would not, upon any account, inflict the least bodily pain, and yet have not the smallest reluctance at stabbing reputation, by the envenomed arrow of scandal; which gives the most exquisite torture to the sensible mind.

NUMBER XII.

IN a Tranſlation from the French of Monſ. De la Motte is ſhewn the diſcontent of human nature.

'There was a certain unfortunate peaſant, 'who, by caſting an envious eye on the circum-'ſtances of his numerous neighbours round 'about him, was immoderately and wickedly 'reſtleſs and diſcontented at his own. He was 'for ever murmuring and railing at the unlucky 'planet under which he was born, and wearied 'Jupiter, day after day, with his impious and 'groundleſs complaints.

'One fine, ſun-ſhining day, however, the 'indulgent ſon of Saturn being in a perfect good 'humour, and graciouſly inclined to alleviate 'his earth-born cares, took his audacious tor-'mentor up to his celeſtial treaſury, or ſtore-'houſe, in which the fortunes of all mankind 'in general were ranged in order, according to 'their ſeveral and reſpective degrees or ſtations 'of life, and by deſtiny or fate ſealed up in pro-'per bags. "Now friend," ſaid the good-'natured god, "caſt thine eyes round about "thee, and for once, though thy profane and "irreverent curſes on thy malignant ſtars, as "thou preſumptuouſly called them, juſtly merit "my reſentment, rather than claim the leaſt "favour or indulgence; yet it is my will, that "thy longings after terreſtrial happineſs ſhall,

"if

" if poſſible, be amply gratified. Enter on thy
" wiſhed-for taſk; and as ſome of theſe bags
" are heavier than others, weigh them thyſelf,
" and then I here give thee free liberty to make
" thy own choice; but take previous notice, for
" the better direction of it. I tell thee franky,
" that thoſe which are the lighteſt, are by far
" preferable to thoſe that carry with them the
" greateſt weight: for the numerous evils and
" misfortunes that attend mankind, are the only
" ones that are, in reality, beyond meaſure
" heavy, and burdens which thou wouldeſt in-
" evitably not only groan, but ſink under."
' With joy at heart, and, at leaſt, ſome ſeem-
' ing degree of gratitude, the wretch, fondly aſ-
' ſuring himſelf of peace and tranquillity of mind
' for the future, as his true felicity now wholly
' depended on his own option, entered upon his
' important undertaking. He caſt his eager eyes
' on the firſt and higheſt bag, imagining that to
' be, in all probability, the beſt, and lifted it
' up accordingly, with all the might and ſtrength
' he was maſter of As this, however, con-
' tained ſupreme commands, in which the moſt
' vexatious cares lay unhappily concealed under
' the deceitful, though under the alluring pomp
' and grandeur; he no ſooner felt the inſup-
' portable weight of it, but he dropt it down
' upon the floor, and with a deep ſigh, as if his
' heart was ready to break, he cried out, " Tho'
" fair to the ſight, and at a diſtance thou ſeem-
" eſt the juſt object of any one's choice, yet,
" upon trial, I find myſelf greatly miſtaken.

" Thou

"Thou art moſt conſumedly heavy, and Her-
"cules himſelf, in my opinion, though the
"ſtrongeſt-backed man I ever heard of, could
"not carry thee twenty yards without tottering.
"Take my word for it, I will have nothing to
"ſay to thee any farther." 'Upon the rejection
'of this, he proceeded to the ſecond, which
'happened to that of a Prime-Miniſter of State,
'and other illuſtrious perſonages, in the moſt ex-
'alted poſts, under various denominations; ſuch
'as Stateſmen, Privy-Counſellors, Lord Chan-
'cellors, Judges, &c. As the contents of this
'bag conſiſted in the pride of ambition, reſt-
'leſs thoughts, hard labour, anxiety and end-
'leſs fatigue, the dread of diſgrace, and the vex-
'ation of diſappointment, he burſt out into this
'ſudden exclamation: "Alas! how unhappy
"muſt thoſe be who groan under this heavy
"load! Oh! thou moſt merciful Jove, pre-
"ſerve me from it."

'He went on thus, from one bag to another,
'till he had poized almoſt a thouſand, with a
'heart half broken, finding them all too pon-
'derous for his acceptance. Some through de-
'pendance, and the plague of conſtraint; others
'through an inſatiable thirſt after riches; ſome
'again by falſe hopes; others by gloomy fears;
'and ſome, in ſhort, by a perfect ſurfeit of what,
'by the generality of mankind, is termed plea-
'ſure. Here he began, with a heart-felt ſigh, a
'ſecond exclamation. "O merciful Jove! is
"there no ſuch thing as a tolerable eaſy ſtation in
"human life? But hold—wherefore do I pre-

"ſume to complain? It is ingratitude in the "higheſt degree to murmur, as I am graciouſly "favoured. I'll take one trial or two more. "Oh! thanks to Heaven, I have hit on one at "laſt. This ſeems to be lighter than any one "I have taken up hitherto." "And that," 'ſaid the indulgent god,' "would be much more "ſo, did but the real proprietor know his own "happineſs, and that it is his ignorance only "that gives it weight. "This then, with your "moſt gracious Divinity's leave, I pitch upon as "the final object of my choice." "So be it "then," 'ſaid Jupiter, with a ſmile;' "take "it away, and enjoy it, for the lot is thy own. "I forgive thy paſt unreaſonable execrations. "Get thee down from my ſtorehouſe; but let "me never hear thee preſume to find fault any "more with the diſpenſations of my providence, "however dark and intricate they may appear "to ſuch ignorant, ſuch ungrateful wretches as "thyſelf."

NUMBER

NUMBER XIII.

Yet a few years, or days, perhaps,
Or moments, paſs in ſilent lapſe,
And time to me ſhall be no more;
No more the ſun theſe eyes ſhall view,
Earth o'er theſe limbs her duſt ſhall ſtrew,
And life's fantaſtic dream be o'er.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

A Young Lady, who I have the pleaſure of being intimately acquainted with, has been ſo obliging as to favour me with the following copy of a letter from another young Lady, with whom ſhe is united in the ſtricteſt band of friendſhip.

'You know, Mira, I have often preſſed Si-
'derio to give me a view of the ſecret room you
'and I have obſerved him to retire to ſo con-
'ſtantly, evening and morning, during our re-
'ſidence laſt ſummer at Clindon-houſe. I am
'now returned again to the ſame delightful ſpot,
'on a viſit of a month to Siderio's ſiſter; and
'ever ſince my arrival, I have been plaguing

'him with the old requeſt. He always reſiſted
'my importunity, and put me off with ſome
'trifling excuſe, till laſt night. He had been
'talking to me on ſeveral grave ſubjects: I, in
'my uſual manner, rallied him on a gravity
'ſo unbecoming his years and rank in life; but
'he, with the perſuaſive eloquence he is ſo much
'maſter of, attempted to convince me, that a
'ſerious air is much more becoming than the
'thoughtleſs flippant one of a modern fine gen-
'tleman. After talking ſome time, he brought
'me to a ſubject he knows I think very little of—
'Death. He talked upon the ſubject with all
'the gravity of a philoſopher, and then taking
'my hand between both his, he preſſed it with
'that graceful freedom you know is ſo natural
'to him; and looking on me, ſaid, "The
"lovely Aſphelia knows very well ſhe one day
"muſt die: yet how little ſhe thinks of that pe-
"riod which will put an end to all thoſe perſonal
"charms ſhe now poſſeſſes? The time will come,
"when thoſe bright eyes, which now ſparkle
"with ſo engaging a radiance that they capti-
"vate every beholder, will loſe their ſplendor in
"the gloomy regions of the dead; that lovely
"face, and engaging perſon, which now can
"ſcarcely be matched for beauty, will one day
"be a prey to death; corruption ſhall deſtroy
"their charms, and moulder them into duſt.
"Why then ſhould Aſphelia give all her at-
"tention to this corruptible part, and neglect
"ſo much that incorruptible part, her ſoul,

" which is domed to live for ever?" 'I could 'make no anſwer to ſo home a queſtion. Ob- 'ſerving my ſilence, he continued:

" The generality of the youth of the preſent " age think more of enjoying the preſent mo- " ment, than they do of preparing themſelves " for eternity which is to come; but I (ſince " the death of my brother, who was carried " off ſo ſuddenly) have reſolved that death ſhall " not come upon me unexpected; for I make " that awful period, and futurity, the principal " ſubjects of my thoughts. I am ſatisfied I " ſhould not now look upon his arrival as pre- " mature; on the contrary, I ſhould welcome " the kind meſſenger, who comes to ſet me free " from this earthly priſon, and gives me liberty " in the realms of happineſs. That the gaiety " which ſurrounds me may not tempt me to " forget that I am mortal, I have had recourſe " to a precaution, that, in ſpite of the bewitch- " ing allurements of the world, keeps me con- " ſtantly in mind of death. If you will give " me leave to attend you into the private room " you have ſo often wiſhed to ſee, I will explain " myſelf." 'I offered my hand, and he con- 'ducted me, well pleaſed, to ſee this ſecret 'place.

'The firſt door opened, not as I expected, 'into a room, but into a long gallery, at the 'end of which was another door; but before 'Siderio opened it, he deſired I would not be 'ſurpriſed if I ſaw a very extraordinary ſight.

'I anſwered, "I could depend on his honour, "and had no fear." 'He then opened the 'door; but what was my aſtoniſhment at the 'ſight I beheld! A very large dark room, en- 'lightened only by the feeble glimmer of ſeveral 'ſmall lamps, that ſpread horror over the awe- 'ful contents of this diſmal place: the room 'was lined with black, and ſurrounded with 'coffins, and enſigns of death. I ſtarted, and 'was going to run back; but recollecting my- 'ſelf, I ventured in with him. He ſhut the 'door, and ſaid: "Now, Aſphelia, your cu- "rioſity is gratified, you ſee here the ſecret room "you have ſo often wiſhed to ſee; here I reſort "morning and evening, to think on death, and "offer up my devotions to the great Creator: "the ſolemnity of the place keeps out all "thoughts of the world, and my imagination "wings its way through boundleſs futurity, to "thoſe permanent delights, which, I make no "doubt, my ſoul will one day enjoy: every ob- "ject you ſee is calculated to compoſe the mind "into thoughtfulneſs: thoſe coffins contain the "remains of my anceſtors for many ages back; "I had them removed privately from the family- "vault, to aſſiſt me in my meditations. That "one covered with black contains the body of "my beloved brother; his ſudden death reminds "me how uncertain life is, and teaches me to "live ſo as to be always ready to reſign it: the "ſight of his coffin reads a more affecting lec- "ture on the levity of human life, than the

"moſt

" moſt eloquent Divine could; it ſpeaks to the
" heart; there is no reſiſting ſuch evidence.
" The paintings you ſee are all upon ſubjects
" ſuitable to the place: there is one done by an
" eminent hand, repreſenting the day of judge-
" ment; nothing can more effectually remind
" me of the account I am to render of all my
" actions, on that great day of deciſion and
" deſpair! That I may be prepared for the
" ſolemn reckoning, I make it a rule, every
" night, to revolve in my mind the actions of
" the preceding day, and note them down in
" that ſmall book lying on my brother's coffin.
" Oh, Aſphelia, how deplorable is the condi-
" tion of thoſe fooliſh mortals, who never think
" of death till it arrives! It is then too late to
" reflect; the grizzly tyrant will not ſtay any
" longer, but gives the fatal ſtroke, and ſends
" them, unprepared, to give an account of
" their actions before the great and juſt Judge.
" What account can they give? None at all:
" they have lived the life of the ungodly, and
" they muſt receive their doom accordingly."

'I was ſo much affected with the ſolemn
'ſcene, I could not ſpeak: my conſcience began
'to reproach me for the heedleſs life I had
'lived. It is true, I have never committed great
'crimes; but the levities I have been guilty of
'immediately occurred to me. I remained ſilent,
'looking fixedly on one of the coffins. He
'proceeded:'

" Oh, how ſhocking would it be, if the king " of terrors was now to throw his unerring " javelin at the gay, the lively Aſphelia! Her " charms would not ſave her: Death is no re- " ſpecter of perſons: I fear ſhe is but ill-pre- " pared for the ſummons that will call her to " the ſhade: that final ſcene has yet employed " but a ſmall portion of her reflections. I have " obſerved, with infinite regret, how thought- " leſsly ſhe advances to that laſt period, and with " what heedleſs gaiety ſhe paſſes away the flying " moments that ought to be better employed. I " have often tried to reaſon her out of this fan- " cied ſecurity, but in vain; ſhe turned all I " ſaid into raillery, which induced me to give " her a ſight of theſe awful remembrancers. " I pray heaven they may effect what I have ſo " often attempted without ſucceſs."

' Siderio then took my hand, and led me to a " coffin at the other end of the room! the lid " was off, and it empty.' " There, Aſphelia," " ſaid he,' " is my coffin; in a very few years at " fartheſt, perhaps in a very few days, that " ſmall ſpot will contain your friend Siderio."

' I ſtarted.'

" Why ſtarts Aſphelia? There is nothing " frightful in this ſight; I enjoy the moſt pleaſing " reflections when I look at it: it is the door " through which I am to enter into eternity: " here my body will ſleep in peace, till the " trumpet, at the laſt day, proclaims the coming of " my bleſſed Redeemer; then I ſhall ariſe, and

" appear

"appear at the dread tribunal, without any "fear or apprehenſion; my actions will be ap- "proved, and I ſhall be bleſſed to all eternity."

'You can hardly conceive, my dear Mira, 'the condition I was in during this ſcene. At 'my firſt entrance, conſcience upbraided me for 'my paſt conduct, and the words of eloquent 'Siderio had a double force in ſo ſolemn a 'place. His laſt words affected me very much: 'to ſee him look with ſo much compoſure on his 'own coffin, convinced me of the greatneſs of 'thoſe principles he would fain inſpire me with. 'He continued looking at the coffin with a fixed 'attention. I, unable to view it longer, turned 'to a monument I obſerved on the wall—an 'angel, deſcending from the clouds, on which 'was wrote the * adjuration out of Young's 'Night-Thoughts. I read, and felt the whole 'force of the powerful words. While I was 'thinking of the ſolemn warning they give, Side- 'rio came up to me, and taking my hand, led 'me to another monument, at the upper part of 'the room. It was of white marble, and ex- 'ecuted in a moſt maſterly manner: the ſubject, 'a beautiful young woman, riſing out of her 'coffin at the ſound of the trump, at the laſt 'day; around her are graves giving up the 'dead, in baſſo relievo; the young woman's 'countenance expreſſes her joy, and reliance on 'the merits of her Redeemer. Her eyes are 'fixed on Heaven.

* The Conſolation, Night the 9th.

'After we had viewed it ſome time, Siderio 'ſaid, "That, Aſphelia, is a monument to "the memory of my eldeſt ſiſter; I loved her "as I love myſelf: ſhe was all that is ami-"able; her perſon was lovely beyond de-"ſcription, but her mind infinitely eclipſed "thoſe leſſer beauties: ſhe is now a bright "inhabitant of the regions of light."

'How amiable this deſcription, Mira! Oh, 'how trifling a life I have lived! Till now I 'never felt what it is to live; I only exiſted be-'fore. Theſe ſolemn forerunners have awakened 'me to reflections of a nature vaſtly different 'from thoſe which formerly occupied my 'thoughts. Before the blooming young phi-'loſopher led me out of the ſolemn repoſitory, 'he gave me advice, cloathed in the tendereſt 'expreſſions, for the regulation of my future 'conduct, and implored me, in the moſt ardent 'manner, to live ſuch a life as would make 'my election ſure; and ended by ſaying, "Act "thus, adorable Aſphelia! and you will with "pleaſure meet the end of all things. Death, "when he comes, will wear the form of an "angel, inſtead of a tyrant: he will give you "liberty, in the manſions of bliſs, there to en-"joy, during the round of vaſt boundleſs eter-"nity, happineſs beyond the power of mortals "to form any idea of."

NUMBER

NUMBER XIV.

Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine?
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, 'Tis for mine.
For me kind Nature works her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r.

EVERY age has a peculiar vice belonging to itſelf, of which the preſent is in no degree exempt from; viz. Pride and Luxurioufneſs, which have been daily gaining ground for ages paſt, but at this preſent time ſeems to have got to its higheſt.

When Pride and Luxury are in the aſcendant, moſt other vices are commonly in conjunction with them. There is a certain magnetic quality belongs to them: they attract a black crowd of ſimilar infections, and lead the van to deſtruction. Pride is ever the forerunner of a fall, and luxurious courſes are the high road to miſery and ruin. External magnificence, and a pompous outſide, flatter the vanity of our nature; we are taken with them in others; and for that reaſon we cannot think them to be diſagreeable in ourſelves: when indeed they do nothing elſe but betray our own meanneſs and indifference. That man muſt have but little intrinſic value in himſelf, who needs

ſuch ſeeble ſupport, ſuch things of nought, to recommend him to the world. It adds but little credit to the perſon, that his cloaths are more to be eſteemed than his carcaſe; that he carries an eſtate on his back, when his ſkull is empty; that his coat is richer than his body; like the bark of the cinnamon-tree, which is more valuable than the whole beſides. It is confeſſed, to appear great, is ſomething in the eye of the world: grandeur carries a dazzling luſtre along with it: but yet that man muſt have a very mean, deſpicable opinion of himſelf, who ſtrives to gain it by building ſpacious palaces, keeping uſeleſs ſervants, a ſplendid equipage, a large retinue, an extravagant table, or any other unneceſſary expence. It is common for dwarfs and perſons of a low ſtature to make uſe of cork ſhoes, that they may appear the taller, and like other men. There are dwarfs in mind as well as in body; perſons of little or no worth in themſelves, who are obliged to their outward embelliſhment for all the figure they make; which, ſhould they be ſtripped of, and made to appear in their own proper colours, nothing would be more ridiculous; the Crow in the fable would be the brighter animal, and far leſs deformed. It has been obſerved by hiſtorians of all ages, that ſtates and kingdoms have never flouriſhed more than when they followed the manners and faſhions of their forefathers, and were not carried away by the affectation of novelty either in cuſtoms or habits. When foreign faſhions have crept into any nation,

tion, foreign vices and diſeaſes have ſoon followed. An extravagance in dreſs is often attended with an extravagance in other things; and is the common inlet of greater misfortunes. We are exceſſive in our habit, becauſe we would ſeem to be what we really are not: and we are the ſame in our tables, our furniture, our houſes; becauſe we muſt keep up that port, and anſwer, at leaſt while we can, that character we have aſſumed. We climb like monkies upon trees, from branch to branch, till, being got as high as we can, to the very extent of our abilities, like them, we diſcover our own nakedneſs. The Romans had their diſtinctions of habit, as well as perſons: they were divided into different orders; and each had his peculiar garb to diſtinguiſh it. Hence manly honours and characters were known from poltrons and ſcoundrels, the noble from the ignoble, and the gentry from mechanicks. By this means inferiors knew when to pay a due reſpect to their ſuperiors; and all to behave themſelves with a decorum proper to their order. But luxury in apparel at laſt crept in among them, and then diſtinction ceaſed. The effeminate ſoftneſs of the Grecians was introduced together with their language; and Rome became as infamous for fops and cowards, as it had before been famous for men of truſt and valour.

The Patricians then outdid themſelves in vanity, and the common people aped them in their follies. Our caſe is much upon the parallel: our times are much alike. When Grandees act

Sir

Sir Foplings, if others flutter, it is no wonder. Exceſs in foppery is now become a virtue; and to be a complete beau, gives a title to gentility. Nature is not ſo well regulated, nor our conduct in life ſo perfect, that we muſt heighten our follies, and ſet off our vices. It is no great compliment to Chriſtianity, to expoſe the Hierarchy in Balls and Maſquerades: To appear in the dreſs of a Muſſulman, looks as if Orthodoxy was upon the declenſion, and Mahometiſm modiſh; or as if the Creſcent would joſtle out the Croſs. To ſtrike off decency, and exceed order, is to offer a violence to Nature. There is always a medium; and we need not become faſhionable fools, to make ourſelves faſhionably ridiculous. The regulation of dreſs was under the inſpection of the Magiſtracy, both at Rome and in Greece; and the former, in defence of it, enacted the Oppian and Valeſian laws; which ſeemed to be founded upon what Lycurgus ordered the Lacedemonians, 'to clothe their ſoldiery in ſcarlet,' a colour, which, upon the account of its brightneſs and ſplendour, might be conducive to raiſe their ſpirits, and animate their valour; as well as to conceal the ſtains and effuſions of blood, which might diſmay and daunt an unexperienced ſoldier. Their Helotes, or ſlaves, were not ſuffered the habit; and none to wear it, but who durſt encounter death and danger without regret. How unlike our preſent times? when the pickpocket and the player, the gameſter and the coward, ſhall ſwagger in the habiliment of Mars, and ſtately ſtrut in ſcarlet.

A ſharper

A ſharper ſhall appear with the mein of a Marquis; and if we may compute by an aukward appearance, a knight of the poſt, without the ribbon and the George, ſhine as great as the garter.

The belles and the beaus ſtrive who ſhall outvie one another in a prepoſterouſneſs of habit. Comelineſs is not to be contemned; and there is a decency to be uſed in that, as well as in the other matters of life: and certainly he is fantaſtical, that is not, in ſome degree, in the faſhion. To be ſelfiſh and ſingular, looks like an old figure wrought up in arras, when cuſtom has made it current. Good manners generally expire in wantonneſs: and men, when they trick up themſelves, put out the banner of the farſadet; they do not ſeem ſo much to walk, as dance. The famous wardrobe of Lucullus is pulled down, and outvied by our modern Nobility and Citizens: it is almoſt impoſſible to depict the pride and inſolence of the times. They are more ſolicitous for the tire of their head, than the land-tax; and ſpend their time between a comb and a glaſs, more than upon œconomy, or good diſcipline in their families. Fortune and honour govern the world; but then there is no occaſion to be ſo prodigiouſly unſteady in our attire, beyond all means and meaſure; and very unfitting the age quality, and condition wherein we live. Why do they ranſack the four quarters of the world, and ravage ſun, air, and earth, unleſs it were to bait for beauties, and ſet gins for woodcocks? How

How depraved is human nature, that the Sybarites, the Poppæa's of the age, and Abaſuerian concubine ſupply, by art, to make them fair and charming? to make them like Cleopatra, though without her wit, her riches, and power? Ixion's reverſe embraces the ſubſtance for a brighter cloud, and leaves a beauty for a ſpangled butterfly. To admire a petticoat more than virtue, is what will recommend Pygmalion's judgment to poſterity. Pride is the produce of hot blood, and an idle life: it is the circle of which the devil is the centre; and I am almoſt ſorry to ſay, that affluence and pomp are the lines. The Ladies have their failures; but our own ſex are moſt egregiouſly fooliſh, and, as it were, ſeem to ſtrive who ſhall be moſt extravagant in their humours. Impoſtors ought to be puniſhed: and can there be a greater impoſture than to ſee a coward take upon him the accoutrements of a ſoldier, who never drew a ſword; to ſee a quack arrogate the title of a phyſician; a pettyfogger pretend to underſtand the law; and a beardleſs boy to uſurp the ſcarf as a doctor of divinity? It is certain theſe are encroachments: and whether the laws ought not to redreſs them, I leave to our wiſe Legiſlators to determine.

NUMBER XV.

Order is heaven's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.

POPE.

IT is a common obſervation, that men in buſineſs, when in a middling ſtation of life, or of a buſineſs which is not in itſelf cleanly, appear aſhamed, and ſeemingly to deſpiſe it. That men ſhould be ſo uncommonly ungrateful is amazing. A profeſſion that a man can follow, and be the means of his living, ſhould he not be happy he has that to follow? it might on the contrary, in a more exalted ſtation, be the reverſe. But diſcontent is an ever-growing evil: what we are content with to-day, we are diſcontented with to-morrow; and every action of our life paſſes on in repining at what was our own choice to ſettle us in life. Happineſs does not conſiſt in the gentility of a profeſſion, more than in the mind of a beautiful perſon; it is outſide only that ſhews itſelf to us, and the poſſeſſors only are the real judges

judges of their happineſs. A fine trade gives a man an air of importance, who conſequently takes much upon him; but how often do we ſee thoſe people the firſt that are undone? The grandeur of their trade ſpurs on them a pride to live as far in compariſon above the inferior, as there are different degrees of profeſſions between them. A middle ſtation of life is preferable to any other; for by misfortunes it is more eaſily overcome; when the ſuperior are generally the ruin of them for ever; and then all their boaſted pride, and the deriſion they ſhew to their pretended inferiors fall on themſelves. So long as men act with honour and integrity, and are confident of it themſelves, they have no reaſon to be afraid of the world. Misfortunes are ever attending them, nor does it always proceed from careleſsneſs of themſelves; for ſo various are the changes, that the careleſsneſs and misfortunes of others bring ruin on many people, who, if had they had not been connected, might have been in affluent circumſtances.

It ſeldom happens where a man in a capital way of buſineſs fails, but many of inferior trades are involved in his ruin: but the failure of the inferior cannot in any way affect thoſe above him, and is ſeldom attended with worſe conſequence than with the failure of himſelf. Many people in trade think many actions beneath them (which is quite wrong) which reaſon and circumſtances require: they ſhould never be miſled by the apprehenſion of cenſure, or reproach. Where honeſty prompts you to ſay, or do any thing, never

never balk yourſelf, or ſtart at the matter. If other people are particular in their fancies and opinions, mind them not: be you governed by ther eaſon within you; purſue that which is moſt for your own, and the common intereſt: for, to ſpeak ſtrictly, theſe two are the ſame thing. Every one ſhould conſider the intereſt of himſelf before that of his neighbour; and then if he has an opportunity of being ſerviceable to others, it ſhews the humanity of a man who has the intereſt of others at heart as well as his own. But it is a general misfortune that there are few who are ſo inclined, and who would not ſtick to be of detriment, rather than of ſervice, if it would in the leaſt turn to their own account. The meanneſs of a buſineſs does not conſiſt in the profeſſion, but in the honour of the man who profeſſes it. A dirty outſide appearance cauſes others to look contemptibly on them; but the content of themſelves are preferable to the contempt of others.

'Clara aims at the character of one of our 'modern fine Ladies: ſhe has handſome 'features without true beauty; but is re- 'ally capricious, ignorant, and inſolent: nay, 'Clara is not a good actreſs of the vile part ſhe 'hath choſen for herſelf; her airs are not of 'the firſt kind.—You ſpeak to Clara, ſhe an- 'ſwers you, or not, juſt as whim or the place 'you happen to be in prompts her. If you bow 'to her, ſhe is very capable of ſtaring you in 'the face, and not returning you the compli-

'ment;

'ment; or of doing even worſe, by returning 'it in ſuch a manner, as ſhall render even her ci-'vility an impertinence: and if you bow to her 'again, ſhe will do the ſame; nay, and ſhe will 'then do right; for then you will certainly de-'ſerve it. Clara talks louder and longer than 'any perſon in her company; and the want of 'freedom is ſupplied by imprudence; of dignity, 'by inſolence; and of gracefulneſs, by confidence. 'She has no parts; but her own forwardneſs 'and the mean encouragement of others, give 'her ſomething that has ſometimes an appear-'ance of them: for as ſhe talks inceſſantly and 'fearleſsly, ſhe ſometimes ſtumbles upon com-'binations of thought which are not without 'propriety and connection. There are many 'proofs of the ſtrange diviſibility of matter: 'Clara will give you a proof of the ſtrange divi-'ſibility of thought: for after ſhe hath talked 'almoſt inceſſantly for three hours, I will en-'gage that you ſhall ſay every thing that you 'can recollect of her diſcourſe in three minutes. 'But ſee the court, the attention, the homage 'of thoſe crowds of ſervile wretches, all encou-'raging the not leſs mean Clara in her overbear-'ing impertinence. And is it poſſible not to 'moralize, not to be ſhocked, at ſo general a 'manifeſtation of abjectneſs, innate abjectneſs, 'of the human ſpecies? Obſerve Silia in parti-'cular. Silia admires Clara beyond expreſſion: 'but Silia was not born to be of her ſet; and 'ſhe is too low, too deſirous to get into it, ever

to

'to ſucceed. Nothing can be more curious than 'the commerce between Clara and Silia: while 'one exerciſes every ſuperiority, which the ad-'vantages I have enumerated ſo fairly beſtow; 'the other exerciſes every inferiority the diſad-'vantages of her ſtation as neceſſarily imply: 'bnt Silia's great principle is perſeverance, con-'deſcending perſeverance: ſhe is quite a female 'philoſopher; no ſlight ſours or mortifies her, 'and the favour of one minute amply atones for 'the neglect of many days. Clara triumphs 'with all the deſpotiſm of an Eaſtern monarch, 'and Silia obeys with all the ſervility of an Eaſtern 'ſubject. It is quite curious to ſee this pair ſo 'different and ſo like: yet, if nature or fate had 'changed their ſituations, you may, without trial, 'be aſſured, that Silia would have been Clara, 'and Clara, Silia; ſo inſeparable are pride and 'meanneſs.'

NUMBER XVI.

Whatever different paths mankind purſue,
Oh, Happineſs! 'tis thee we have in view;
Thou doſt the ſcarcely-finiſh'd ſoul incline,
Its firſt deſire, and conſcious thought, is thine;
Thy charms th' enamour'd libertine entice
Through all the wild deſtructive paths of vice;
The pious man directs his vow to thee,
And proves thy moſt pathetic votary;
Virtue itſelf, e'en virtue, he regards,
But as thy favour the fatigue rewards.

Mrs. ROWE.

HOWEVER different the actions of a virtuous man may be from that of a libertine, the deſign of both is the ſame: though the road they take are entirely oppoſite, they have each the ſame object in view. Happineſs is as much the cauſe of one's regulating his actions by the principles of virtue, as it is of the other's yielding to the deceptions of vice. The good man, by ſeeing virtue in an amiable light, is induced to conform to her principles; while, on the contrary, the other, by ſeeing her in the character

character of a rigid miſtreſs, that expects nothing but abſtinence and ſeverity from her adorer, is tempted to deſpiſe and abandon her for (as he imagines) a more deſirable divinity, that will permit him to enjoy every pleaſure without controul.

In a caſe like this, on which ſo much depends, which is no leſs than the aim of every action of our lives, for a man, who is no farther ſuperior to the brute creation than by being poſſeſſed of reaſon, to be governed by paſſion, or to follow the example which is ſet by others, without examining how far their actions are the reſult of mature deliberation, is certainly one of the greateſt inſtances of folly that is to be met with. Shall we be cautious in being deceived in trifles, and not regard matters of greater conſequence? 'Are 'we not,' (to uſe the words of an ingenious writer on this ſubject) 'cautioned againſt coun-'terfeits, even in matters of meaneſt value? If a 'piece of metal be tendered us which ſeems 'doubtful, do we not heſitate? Do we not try it 'by the teſt before we take it for current? And is 'not this eſteemed prudence? Are we not cen-'ſured if we act otherwiſe? How much more 'does it then behoove us not to be impoſed upon 'here?' In whatever our happineſs may conſiſt, it certainly muſt be in ſomething that is agreeable to our nature: this is evident from the purſuits of every individual, whether a politician, a miſer, a philoſopher, or a libertine: the firſt places his happineſs in ambition; the ſecond in the

the poſſeſſion of wealth; the third in the cultivation of his mind; the fourth in the enjoyment of ſenſual pleaſures. The love of praiſe, the deſire of being thought ſuperior to the reſt of mankind, the having it in our power to oblige them, who, by ſome action, or by the being poſſeſſed of ſome agreeable qualifications, have attracted our eſteem; and, on the other hand, to be deſirous of being poſſeſſed of money, by the means of which we are enabled to procure all the conveniences of life; to relieve the diſtreſs of our fellow-creatures, and to aſſiſt our friends and acquaintance, is natural to every one; nor is the love of knowledge, or the enjoyment of our ſenſes, leſs ſo. Since, then, our happineſs (whatever it may be) muſt be compriſed in ſomething which is agreeable to our nature, if we are deſirous of finding in what it does conſiſt, we muſt examine the principles of our conſtitution. Man is compoſed of two parts; a material and immaterial, or, in other words, a ſpiritual and corporeal; by the one he is allied to his maker, by the other to the brute creation. Inaſmuch, therefore, as an immaterial being is ſuperior to a material one, ſo is our ſpiritual part to our corporeal: as this, then, is ſo much the nobleſt, our firſt concern ought to be for its enjoyment. Several of the ancient philoſophers entertained ſo high an opinion of knowledge, that they ſuppoſed our happineſs to conſiſt in that alone.* One of

* Vide Harris's Hermes, edit. 2d. p. 302.

the

the wiſeſt of them, in a ſpeculation concerning the divine nature, was induced to believe, 'That the 'man who could live in the pure enjoyment of his 'mind, and who properly cultivated the divine 'principle, was happieſt in himſelf, and moſt be-'loved by the gods. For if the gods had any 'regard to what paſſed among men, (as it ap-'peared they had) it was probable they ſhould 'rejoice in that which was moſt excellent, and 'by nature the moſt nearly allied to themſelves; 'and, as this was *mind*, that they ſhould re-'quire the man who moſt loved and honoured 'this, both from his regard to that which was 'dear to themſelves, and from his acting a part 'which was laudable and right.'

For the enjoyment of life it is requiſite that we ſhould be ſupplied with not only the neceſſa-ries and conveniences, but likewiſe ſome of the luxuries: amongſt the former are food, raiment, and dwelling; the latter includes every thing that may be ſaid to be ſuperfluous. If a man was to live from ſociety, he would find it difficult to procure what was neceſſary for his ſubſiſtence; the beſt he could expect would be a cave for his habitation, fruit for his food, a ſkin for his rai-ment, and water for his drink.

If then ſociety is neceſſary for our being pro-vided with the conveniences and luxuries of life, and if theſe conveniences and luxuries are neceſ-ſary to our happineſs, ſociety is neceſſary to our happineſs; and whoever expects to be happy from ſociety, muſt expect to be happy in what is

inconſiſtent with his nature; which we have already proved is impoſſible. To ſee in the fulleſt light the advantages we reap from ſociety, we need but compare England with the wilds of America, or London to a town in the north of Scotland. The advantages we reap from ſociety and commerce are mutual, as one muſt of neceſſity be productive of the other. If ſociety is neceſſary to our happineſs, every thing that is deſtructive of ſociety muſt be deſtructive of our happineſs. Acts, therefore, of fraud and rapine, and all acquired by them, whether wealth, power, pleaſure, or any thing, are evidently from their very character not fit to be purſued. But it is impoſſible not to purſue many ſuch things, unleſs we are furniſhed with ſome habit or diſpoſition of mind, by which we are induced to render all men their own, and to regard the welfare and intereſt of ſociety*.

And what is this but juſtice? Therefore every thing which is inconſiſtent with juſtice is deſtructive of ſociety, and conſequently of our happineſs. It is neceſſary then, if we are deſirous of being happy, that in all our actions, all our purſuits, we ſhould be cautious of doing any thing which is inconſiſtent with juſtice. We have already obſerved, that the enjoyment of our immaterial part conſiſted in knowledge; we ſhall now treat of our material part. The enjoyment of our corporeal part is derived from the ſenſes;

* Vide Harris's Dialogues on Happineſs, edit. 2d. p. 169.

to

to the fruition of theſe it is neceſſary that we ſhould be in health; and conſequently, if we are deſirous of enjoying them, we muſt make the preſervation of our health the firſt concern. Now nothing contributes ſo much to the deſtruction of health as exceſs, and conſequently nothing to its preſervation as temperance. Therefore, to be happy, we muſt be moderate in all our pleaſures, as this alone is productive of health, and without health, it is impoſſible for us to enjoy any of our ſenſes.

The ſum, then, of our enquiries amounts to this: Whatever our happineſs conſiſts in, it muſt be in ſomething which is agreeable to our nature: that we are compoſed of two parts, a material and immaterial; for the enjoyment of the latter, it is neceſſary we ſhould devote ſome time to the ſtudy of knowledge: that as material beings we cannot ſubſiſt well without ſociety; and for the preſervation of ſociety, it is requiſite in all our actions, all our purſuits, we ſhould do nothing but what is conſiſtent with juſtice: that for the enjoyment of our material part it is neceſſary we ſhould be in health; the likelieſt way to preſerve which is to be temperate in all our pleaſures. Happineſs, then, ſeems to conſiſt in the exertion of knowledge, temperance, and the ſocial virtues.

'Damocles, one of the courtiers of Dionyſius 'the Elder, Tyrant of Syracuſe, was perpetually 'extolling with raptures his treaſures, grandeur, 'the number of his troops, the extent of his

'dominions, the magnificence of his palaces, 'and the univerſal abundance of all good things 'and enjoyments in his poſſeſſion; always re-'peating, that "never man was happier than "Dionyſius."—"Becauſe you are of that opi-"nion," ſaid the Tyrant, "will you taſte and "make proof of my felicity in perſon?"—'The 'offer was accepted with joy, Damocles was 'placed upon a golden bed, covered with car-'pets of ineſtimable value. The ſide-boards 'were loaded with veſſels of gold and ſilver. 'The moſt beautiful ſlaves in the moſt ſplendid 'habits ſtood around him watching the leaſt 'ſignal to ſerve him. The moſt exquiſite eſ-'ſence and perfumes had not been ſpared. The 'table was ſpread with proportionable magnifi-'cence. Damocles was all joy, and looked upon 'himſelf as the happieſt man in the world; 'when, unfortunately caſting up his eyes, he 'beheld over his head the point of a ſword, 'which hung from the roof only by a ſingle 'horſe-hair. He was immediately ſeized with a 'cold ſweat, every thing diſappeared in an in-'ſtant: he could ſee nothing but the ſword, nor 'think of any thing but his danger. In the 'height of his fear, he deſired permiſſion to re-'tire, and declared he would be happy no 'longer.'

NUMBER XVII.

Throw pleaſure, wealth, and pomp away,
Then we 're in happineſs, you'll ſay.
VISIONS IN VERSE.

ALL the ſciences proſcribe ſenſual and frivolous pleaſures, when carried to an undue exceſs. Metaphyſics reject them as licences unworthy of an immortal ſoul; the mathematics conſider them as a diſſipation contrary to all ſtudy; and politics repreſent them as enemies to the welfare of the public. But we have no need of theſe teſtimonies: experience is ſufficient to convince us that pleaſure obſcures the reaſon, weakens the rational faculties of the mind, debilitates that noble maſculine ſpirit which ought to be the diſtinguiſhing character of man; and, in ſhort, enervates the body. It was pleaſure that ſunk into ruins the ancient ſtates of Greece, that deſtroyed the Romans, that overturns cities, that corrupts courts, that exhauſts the fortunes of the great, that conſumes youth, that has a retinue compoſed of ſatiety, indigence, ſickneſs, and death. But what are the charms of thoſe pleaſures which all the world adore? They ſubſiſt only in imagination, which dreſſes them in falſe

colours, and fly with ſuch rapidity, that they reſemble the rainbow, which paſſes through the clouds, and diſappears. I would have chemiſts in morals, as well as in phyſics, and we ſhould learn the art of analizing every thing that affects and flatters us. We ſhould then with difficulty find, after the decompoſition of our pleaſures, a quarter of an hour's enjoyment, to a thouſand hours vexation or diſguſt. The lovers of pleaſure would always enjoy the object of their favourite paſſion; but experience a diſagreeable ſatiety, which they cannot cure. They run perpetually after pleaſure, and catch only at a phantom: they would procure every thing that can pleaſe the body, and labour only to ſecure its pain. They form the ſchemes of a life all ſmiling and agreeable; but ſoon the edge of their appetites is blunted, their ſtrength waſted, their health impaired; and, after a few days, the gaudy flowers become faded herbs, and their youth is changed into decrepitude and weakneſs. Were we to inſcribe on tombs the diſeaſes that kill mankind, we ſhould find that pleaſure is the greateſt murderer of the human race.

When I conſider the popular errors on the article of pleaſure, I ſee the cauſe of human miſery. People become the artificers of their own misfortunes, by the falſe idea they form of pleaſure; and they filter, if I may uſe the term, their own ſorrow. It is certain that moſt men do not know where felicity is to be found: they imagine it is at court; though experience has a thouſand

thouſand times ſhewn, that this is the abode of intrigue, diſappointment, and vexation. They imagine it is to be found in wealth and honours; and yet nothing but moderation can procure true ſatisfaction. They expect to find it in love; and love is impatience, tumult, ſlavery, and frequently deſpair. How many miſeries fill the hearts of the great! How many vexations hover about the palaces of gold and azure.

Yet pleaſure is eaſy to be found; for whoever is in love with innocence, and ſeeks for it only in recreations worthy of an immortal being, will eaſily diſcover it: he will meet with it even in viewing the colours of an inſect, in the murmurs of a rivulet, in the flavour of the fruit he taſtes, in the flower he ſmells, and in a pleaſing proſpect. He will meet with it in reading ſome uſeful and agreeable work, in diſcourſing with a ſenſible friend, in playing on an harmonious inſtrument, and in employing himſelf in deſigning or painting. He will meet with it under the form of a bird that ſings, a ſtar that ſhines, and in the revolutions and changes of the earth. To the eye of a philoſopher the univerſe is perpetually renewed, and he inſtantly diſcovers new riches and new beauties: the riſing of the ſun in all its ſplendor; the ſhining purple, which, playing in the clouds, forms, at its ſetting, the moſt noble decoration; the ſilver rays of the moon, that comfort and direct the traveller; thoſe ſerene days, thoſe delightful nights, in which a kind of natural aſtronomy takes poſ-

ſeſſion of our minds, and fixes our eyes on the firmament. In ſhort, what ſhall I ſay? All nature captivates the heart of him who knows true pleaſure, and is ſenſible of the reſources offered by his mental powers. Moſt innocent pleaſures are found inſipid, only becauſe people apply themſelves neither to ſtudy nor to labour; juſt as they cut the greateſt dainties without reliſh, only becauſe they prevent the approach of hunger. Nature joins pleaſure only to want; and we never rejoice when we attempt to be always glad. We have made an end, and yet would have our pleaſures have neither interval nor end. What ſatisfaction can exceed that of a learned man, tired by ſtudy, who goes to recover his powers and his activity in the midſt of a foreſt? He ſeems, at every ſtep, filled with new life; he feels a joy as pure as the air which ſurrounds him; and each leaf ſeems to afford inſtruction. With what pleaſing contentment did the Romans return to the plough, when, fatigued with the labours of war, they ſought for relaxation! Our happineſs depends on the manner in which we make uſe of terreſtrial bleſſings, and conſequently they are only permitted us on certain conditions. Providence, it is true, has given us appetites, but it has alſo determined the time they are to be gratified. What would become of ſociety, if each individual, obeying only his deſires, was ſolely intent on the ſearch of pleaſure? All the duties of life would be annihilated, vice would be placed on a level with virtue; and all order,

all government, all ſociety be diſſolved. The pure, the modeſt pleaſures of an immortal being ſhould reſemble the conſtant felicity of heaven. Oh, that I could here paint the ſecret ſatisfaction of a virtuous mind; the delight that ariſes from candour of mind, and the tranquil teſtimony of an approving conſcience, when the ſoul, diſengaging itſelf from the earth, riſes to the ſupreme ſource of all felicity, and only breathes immortal pleaſures! How ſuperior beyond compariſon are thoſe delights, to thoſe criminal gratifications which hold almoſt the whole univerſe in ſubjection, and, like an ephemera-plant, open in the morning, fade in the evening, and diſappear.

'A treaty being on foot between the Romans 'and Pyrrhus, King of Macedon, for the ex-'change of priſoners, the latter, after having 'given a general anſwer to the Ambaſſadors, 'took Fabricius aſide, and addreſſed him in 'the following manner: "As for you, Fabri-"cius, I am ſenſible of your merit: I am like-"wiſe informed that you are an excellent Gene-"ral, and perfectly qualified for the command "of an army; that juſtice and temperance are "united in your character, and that you paſs "for a perſon of conſummate virtue: but I am "likewiſe as certain of your poverty; and muſt "confeſs that Fortune, in this particular alone, "has treated you with injuſtice, by miſplacing "you in the claſs of indigent Senators. In order,

" therefore, to ſupply that ſole deficiency, I am
" ready to give you as much gold and ſilver
" as will raiſe you above the richeſt citizen
" of Rome; being fully perſuaded, that no ex-
" pence can be more honourable to a Prince,
" than that which is employed in the relief of
" great men, who are compelled by their po-
" verty to lead a life unworthy of their virtues;
" and that this is the nobleſt purpoſe to which
" a King can poſſibly devote his treaſures. At
" the ſame time, I muſt deſire you to believe,
" that I have no intention to exact any unjuſt or
" diſhonourable ſervice from you, as a return of
" gratitude: I expect nothing from you but what
" is perfectly conſiſtent with your honour, and
" what will add to your authority and import-
" ance in your own country. Let me there-
" fore conjure you to aſſiſt me with your credit
" in the Roman Senate, which has hitherto
" aſſumed an air of too much inflexibility, with
" relation to the treaty I propoſed, and has ne-
" ver conſulted the rules of moderation in any
" reſpect. I want a virtuous man, and a faith-
" ful friend; and you as much need a Prince
" whoſe liberality may enable you to be more
" uſeful, and do more good to mankind. Let us
" therefore conſent to render mutual aſſiſtance to
" each other, in all the future conjunctures of
" our lives."

' Pyrrhus having expreſſed himſelf in this
' manner, Fabricius, after a few moments ſi-
' lence, replied to him in theſe terms: " It is
" needleſs

"needleſs for me to make any mention of the "experience I may poſſibly have in the conduct "of public or private affairs, ſince you have been "informed of that from others. With reſpect "alſo to my poverty, you ſeem to be ſo well "acquainted with it, that it would be unne-"ceſſary for me to aſſure you, that I have no "money to improve, nor any ſlaves from whom "I derive the leaſt revenue; that my whole "fortune conſiſts in a houſe of no conſiderable "appearance; and in a little ſpot of ground "that furniſhes me with my ſupport. But if "you believe my poverty renders my condition "inferior to that of every other Roman, and "that while I am diſcharging the duties of an "honeſt man, I am the leſs conſidered, becauſe "I happen not to be of the number of the "rich, permit me to acquaint you, that the "idea you conceive of me is not juſt, and that "whoever may have inſpired you with that opi-"nion, or you only ſuppoſe it, you are deceived "to entertain it. Though I do not poſſeſs "riches, I never did imagine my indigence a "prejudice to me, whether I conſider myſelf as "a public or private perſon. Did my neceſſi-"tous circumſtances ever induce my country to "exclude me from thoſe glorious employments "that are the nobleſt objects of the emulation of "great ſouls? I am inveſted with the higheſt "dignities, and ſee myſelf placed at the head of "the moſt illuſtrious embaſſies. I aſſiſt alſo at "the moſt auguſt aſſemblies, and even the moſt

" ſacred functions of divine worſhip are con-
" fided to my care. Whenever the moſt im-
" portant affairs are the ſubjects of delibera-
" tion, I hold my rank in councils, and offer
" my opinion with as much freedom as another.
" I preſerve a parity with the richeſt and moſt
" powerful in the republic; and if any circum-
" ſtance cauſes me to complain, it is my re-
" ceiving too much honour and applauſe from
" my fellow-citizens. The employments I diſ-
" charge coſt me nothing of mine, no more
" than any other Roman. Rome never re-
" duces her citizens to a ruinous condition, by
" raiſing them to the magiſtracy. She gives all
" neceſſary ſupplies to thoſe ſhe employs in
" public ſtations, and beſtows them with libe-
" rality and magnificence. Rome, in this par-
" ticular, differs from many other cities, where
" the public is extremely poor, and private per-
" ſons immenſely rich. We are all in the ſtate
" of affluence as long as the republic is ſo, be-
" cauſe we conſider her treaſures as our own.
" The rich and the poor are equally admitted
" to her employments, as ſhe judges them
" worthy of truſt; and ſhe knows no diſtinction
" between her citizens but thoſe of merit and
" virtue. As to my particular affairs, I am
" ſo far from repining at my fortune, that
" I think I am the happieſt of men, when I
" compare myſelf with the rich, and find a
" certain ſatisfaction, and even pride, in that
" fortune. My little field, poor and infertile as

" it

"it is, ſupplies me with whatever I want, "when I am careful to cultivate it as I ought, "and to lay up the fruits it produces. What "can I want more? Every kind of food is "agreeable to my palate, when ſeaſoned by "hunger; I drink with delight when I thirſt, "and I enjoy all the ſweetneſs of ſleep when "fatigued with toil. I content myſelf with an "habit that covers me from the rigours of win-"ter; and of all the various kinds of furniture "neceſſary for the ſame uſes, the meaneſt is, in "my ſenſe, the moſt commodious. I ſhould be "unreaſonable, unjuſt, did I complain of For-"tune, whilſt ſhe ſupplies me with all that na-"ture requires. As to ſuperfluities, I confeſs "ſhe has not furniſhed me with any; but then "ſhe has formed me without the leaſt deſire to "enjoy them. Why ſhould I then complain? "It is true, the want of this abundance renders "me incapable of relieving the neceſſitous, "which is the only advantage the rich may be "envied for enjoying; but when I impart to "the republic, and my friends, ſome portion of "the little I poſſeſs, and render my country all "the ſervices I am capable of performing; in a "word, when I diſcharge all the duties incum-"bent on me to the beſt of my ability, where-"in can my conſcience condemn me? If "riches had ever been the leaſt part of my am-"bition, I have ſo long been employed in the "adminiſtration of the republic, that I have "had a thouſand opportunities of amaſſing

"great

"great sums, and even by irreproachable methods. Could any man desire one more favourable than that which occurred to me a few years ago? The Consular dignity was conferred upon me, and I was sent against the Samnites, the Brutii, and the Lucanians, at the head of a numerous army. We ravaged a large tract of land, and defeated the enemy in several battles. We took many flourishing and opulent cities by assault: I enriched the whole army with their spoils; I returned every citizen the money he had contributed to the expence of the war; and, after I had received the honours of a triumph, I brought four hundred talents into the public treasury. After having neglected so considerable a booty, of which I had full power to appropriate any part to myself; after having despised such immense riches, so justly acquired, and sacrificed the spoils of the enemy to the love of glory, in imitation of Valerius Publicola, and many other great men, whose disinterested generosity of soul has raised the glory of Rome to so illustrious a height, would it now become me to accept of the gold and silver you offer me? What idea would the world entertain of me? And what an example should I set Rome's citizens? How could I bear their reproaches? How even their looks, at my return? Those awful magistrates, our Censors, who are appointed to inspect our discipline and manners with a vigilant eye,

" would they not compel me to be accountable,
" in the view of all the world, for the presents
" you solicit me to accept? You shall keep
" then, if you please, your riches to yourself,
" and I my poverty, and my reputation."
DION. HALICARN. Exc. Legat. p. 744—748.

NUMBER

NUMBER XVIII.

Tho' vice may ſhort-liv'd pleaſure give to ſenſe,
'Tis virtue only can true joys diſpenſe.

ANON.

IT was a ſaying of a great man of our nation, that 'common ſwearers ſell their ſouls to the 'devil gratis,' having no pleaſure in return for it: and doubtleſs it was well obſerved; for no man in his ſenſes can pretend to ſay there is any enjoyment in the practice of that particular vice: let us then ſearch a little into the motives that prompt men ſo often to fall into it. It muſt, I think, ariſe either from a barrenneſs of invention, keeping continually bad company, being overpowered by liquor, from a falſe modeſty, which is afraid to be particular; or, finally, from a monſtrous deſire of being thought wicked, merely for the ſake of wickedneſs, without either pleaſure or profit. Barrenneſs of invention is, I believe, the principal motive to ſwearing: men are frequently at a loſs for ſomething to ſay in company; a ſudden thought ariſes; that it may be of uſe to them as long as poſſible, they eke it out with oaths and blaſphemies, never giving themſelves time to reflect whether it is a vice or not; they find that fools pay a particular regard to their

their converſation; and as none are ſo ſtupid but they know how to flatter, the brightneſs of their intellects is too often complimented, and they continue to practiſe that which they think gains them univerſal attention and admiration, and by that means become incorrigible. Bad company will often, by the force of example, cauſe a man to ſwear: if he has ſenſe, reflection inſtantly ſeizes him, and he corrects himſelf in time; but if otherwiſe, ten to one but he approves of it, and conſequently practiſes it. Drunkenneſs alſo, which is the ſource of almoſt every vice, is often the cauſe of this in queſtion: let a man's parts be ever ſo bright, if he ſuffer liquors to take poſſeſſion of the ſeat of his underſtanding, Reaſon no longer preſides, his paſſions, which lay dormant, riſe up with redoubled vigour, and hurry him impetuouſly into the abyſs of vice: and ſwearing in that caſe is generally the forerunner of all the reſt; being, as it were, a ſignal to let us know, that we are no longer our own maſters.

Happy is the man that will take the hint, and reſign himſelf in the arms of health-reſtoring ſleep. I have often known young men, upon their firſt introduction into life, through a falſe modeſty, give into all the vices of their companions: they could not ſtand the ridicule of the thorough-paced debauchees; to be any ways particular, was to them impoſſible; they had not as yet enough conſidered the beauty of virtue, that ſelf-conſciouſneſs of having done well, which enables us to deſpiſe the vices and follies of the giddy

giddy multitude, instead of imitating them. Many a man has been lost for want of that virtuous confidence. As for the last set of swearers, I mean those who practise it merely because it is a sin, there is no way of reclaiming: they seem to be the devil's agents upon earth, prowling about, and seeking whom they may devour. There is one more motive to it, which I am sorry to have room to mention; which is, the desire the young men of spirit have to be in the fashion. It has been of late too much the custom for men of quality and fashion to swear, by way of giving a grace to their conversation; others have heedlessly followed their pernicious example, which has been no small reason for its spreading so much. Would the fair sex but for once undertake to be the reformers as well as the polishers of mankind, and never give encouragement to any man, let him be otherwise ever so well qualified, who should demean himself so much as to swear; would but our men of quality look upon it as much an affront for a person to swear in their company, as to give them the lie; then would the vice be extirpated: there needs no other means to induce men to be virtuous, than to make virtue the fashion.

NUMBER

NUMBER XIX.

So many ſhapes have women for deceit.

LANSDOWN.

AS the ladies are by no means exempt from peculiar vices, more than men, I hope the liberty here taken will not be looked on as any diſreſpect to the ſex, as the deſign is as much to clear them of the many abſurdities and faſhions they are guilty of, as the reſt of the creation. The beauty of the Engliſh ladies has in all ages been remarked by foreigners, as well as natives who have travelled, to be ſuperior to any one country beſides in the world: yet there is a peculiar vice reigning among them, that of painting their faces; a vice which is of the moſt dangerous conſequence to their health, and perhaps to the entire ruin of their conſtitution. The quackeries of the times are the cauſes of this pernicious practice; and they in no leſs degree curious to try experiments with their compoſitions, which is as much contrary to the purpoſe as it is poſſible. It is plain by the number of theſe compoſitions that they are not for the improving of beauty in the fair ſex, but to anſwer their own private view; nor do they in the leaſt care how many

many conſtitutions they deſtroy. I have often remarked, when ladies go in a room newly painted, they retire with haſte from it, leſt the damps and intolerable ſmell affect them; yet, though they are ſo conſcious of its being detrimental by the ſmell only, they even venture to paint themſelves with a compoſition, for aught they know, more detrimental than that they avoided, with a view, as they imagine, to make themſelves look comely. Did they but conſider that but a little-diſcerning perſon diſcovers the deceit, they would not be ſo profuſe in it; for they only look on them with as much contempt as they imagine themſelves to be handſome. There is nothing more indecent than to ſee a lady of a modeſt diſpoſition addicted to it; for as it is a vice ſo common among a certain ſet of people, by which they borrow their artificial charms, that even theſe, by whom they are unknown, are ſuſpected to be quite different to what they are, and conſequently are deſpiſed as ſuch. It is very common, when going to a place of publick entertainment, to uſe this unnatural method, to the ridicule of themſelves; the pains and trouble they are at are not worth the dangerous conſequences they are liable to, and often turn out to their ſhame. They are often obſerved, when in a great perſpiration, not to dare put their handkerchiefs to their faces for fear of loſing their artificial beauty. Others, unthinking of the means they were at to acquire their charms, wipe their faces, to the no ſmall diverſion of the company, leaving them in ſuch a

manner

manner as would be frightful to themſelves, did they but then ſee them. As art in this cannot be equal to nature, more than in other affairs, which are continually trying to be improved, it is not only inconſiſtent with common ſenſe, but contrary to nature: but ſo blind are they, if they make but a little alteration, they rail at nature for not making them as they appear to themſelves. This artificial aſpect is, indeed, as wretched a ſubſtitute for the expreſſion of beauty, as for the bluſhes of health; it is not only equally tranſient, but equally liable to detection: but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghaſtly, the paſſions burſt out with more violence after reſtraining, and excite more determined averſion. Men of ſenſe look on them with diſdain, and ſuppoſe them no more than the portraitures of inſignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures. In a ſmall treatiſe from the French of Monſieur de Gravines, ſpeaking of this unnatural vice, he ſays, 'I can compare them only to an ignorant 'fellow, who, having an exquiſite ſtatue, cauſed 'it to be gilded: ſo theſe paint their faces, that 'they look like ſo many ancient Bacchanalian 'nymphs; and vainly imagine, that painting 'their faces gives to their eyes a more piercing 'radiance. This cuſtom, which is worthy only 'of the moſt ſavage nations, transforms the 'moſt beautiful faces into painted pagods.'— Beauty does not conſiſt in an outward form, but the embelliſhments of the mind; and when beauty

beauty and good ſenſe are joined together in a woman, ſhe is an angel on earth; but when on the contrary, as much the reverſe. When the fictitious beauty has laid by her ſmiles; when the luſtre of her eyes, and the bloom of her cheeks, have loſt their influence with their novelty; what remains, but a tyrant diveſted of power, who will never be ſeen without a mixture of indignation and diſdain? The only deſire which this object could gratify, will be transformed to another, not only with reluctance, but with triumph. As reſentment will ſucceed to diſappointment, a deſire to mortify will ſucceed to a deſire to pleaſe; and the huſband may be urged to ſolicit a miſtreſs, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which laſted only till ſhe was known. To learn to be pretty, you muſt firſt learn to be good: as you improve in virtue you will improve in beauty. And may the ladies of this nation leave off thoſe diſſembled charms, and wear thoſe only which were given them by nature, which are by far ſuperior to the ſuperficial one; and have in remembrance, 'that the hope of the hypocrite muſt periſh.'

NUMBER

NUMBER XX.

THERE is hardly one thing, however good it was originally intended, but what has been corrupted to a contrary meaning. The word Academy, originally meant a ſchool for learning the arts and ſciences claſſically; the word being immediately derived from a ſect of ancient philoſophers who called themſelves Academicians: but the number of theſe ſeminaries, according to their firſt intention, are but few; though they moſt of them bear the name of Academy.

The Academy for young Ladies ſhould go beyond French, dancing, and Italian; good needle-work, which our ancient dames ſo much admired, being pretty near aboliſhed: but in the room of theſe antiquated affairs, they are more certainly qualified for what is called Seeing Life; which, in other words, is called the *bon-ton*; that is, to be a principal perſon at all public amuſements, and particularly thoſe which are not well-founded on virtue and morality; which, without a young lady underſtands the nature and duty of each, her fellow-female acquaintance will certainly cry out, 'Poor thing! what a 'pity! ſhe has ſeen nothing of life! quite un-'acquainted with the *bon-ton*!' So much for the ladies; for although I could ſay a great deal more, yet the natural tenderneſs I have for the ſex makes me drop the ſubject, with a kind wiſh

for

for their return to virtue, conduct, and decorum. And now I return to the Gentlemens Academies, and ſee what are the chief ſtudies they purſue; and we ſhall find they are not at all behind-hand, but rather, to their diſgrace, are become rivals to the fair ſex in every art of effeminacy: to ſing, dance, underſtand muſic, a ſmattering of French, bad Engliſh, and Italian, to write an unintelligible hand, with an utter abhorrence of arithmetic, make up the education of moſt of our young nobility and gentry, which entirely qualify them for that ridiculous ſet of human beings who are a ſcandal to human nature; and, according to the preſent underſtanding, are ſtiled Macaronies. This is a term which ſerves likewiſe to prove the aſſertion made at the beginning of this eſſay, that many a word is perverted from its original intention; this being applied to a hundred different things which have no connection at all with its primitive meaning. But to return;—but—I am thought to ramble too far from my title. I ſhall proceed more particularly to the ſubject of—ſeeing life.

To ſee life, it is naturally imagined muſt have ſignified to take a view of human nature, to make obſervations on men and things, to obſerve the laws, cuſtoms and manners of different nations, to draw concluſions from theſe, and by ſuch means qualify them for the police of the ſtate, or any other office of importance in the nation: by this I mean the ſenior ſort of people, who at preſent travel to very little purpoſe, and

ſtudy life in much the ſame manner as the ladies do, in patching, painting, ogling, &c. &c. their ſenſe conſiſting of bothering a bully, who never learnt to read, and their courage in beating a poor feeble watchman, who before was hardly able to ſtand; their wit is in breaking lamps, and their religion is blaſphemy. If gentlemen of birth and fortune behave in this manner, it is not to be wondered at that the young fellows of middling fortunes ſhould follow their examples, and the laws cloſe follow them, to the entire deſtruction of all morals, virtue and humanity.

A fatal inſtance of which happened in this city but a ſhort time ſince. A ſon of a reputable tradeſman, not a mile from Temple-bar, of a ſmall fortune, and leſs expectation, who was ruined by ſeeing life; who though he had acquired a pretty ſum in buſineſs, had ſo large a family that, to do the beſt he could for them all, they had not at his death above four hundred pounds apiece: his daughters he took care to marry as well he could in his life-time, and his ſons he put out to good employments. The eldeſt to the beſt: who being ſupported during his apprenticeſhip very genteely, and having plenty of pocket-money, ſoon got acquainted with ſome ſparks in the city, who would too often quit the counter, and ramble towards the weſt end of the town to ſee life, as they termed it; which, in fact, was to get into every ſcene that was vile and wicked, to ſpend their money and ruin their conſtitution, to the diſgrace of their

underſtanding, and the uneaſineſs of their friends and relations. This ſon (the eldeſt) was reckoned a king among them; he could ſing a good ſong, crack a good jeſt, tell a good tale, and keep it up with the beſt of them. A jovial fellow! a jolly dog! a buck! a blood! in ſhort he was every thing in his time.—But his father died —his money was ſoon ſpent, his cloaths grew ſhabby, and, in conſequence, his companions cold, and he grew more wretched; none pitied him, his mirth forſook him, melancholy took place,—and, in a ſhort time, he, with his own hand, took away that being, which none but he who gave it had a right to. Here was a fatal end of his ſeeing life. May every one ſhun the ſame fatal follies, and they no doubt will eſcape the ſame fatal end: take virtue and morality for their guides, take pleaſure with conduct, and then they may truly ſay, live to what age nature will conſent to, they have really ſeen life.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXI.

AS a man addicted to ſwearing is beheld with diſdain, and is not worthy of the company of a virtuous man, ſo a man of politeneſs is eſteemed, and always regarded. In order that this virtue may be familiar, we ſhall let it be the ſubject of this eſſay. You muſt do or ſay nothing that may give offence, and do every thing that may be agreeable; and this with a certain graceſulneſs, freedom, and delicacy of behaviour and expreſſion. You are to conſider, then, upon this ſubject, the things to be ſaid and done, and the manner of ſaying and doing them. And this manner, now, is the point of moſt importance. Let a perſon be ever ſo obliging and complaiſant, yet, without a certain manner of being ſo, he may paſs for a decent, good-natured man, but never a polite one. Politeneſs muſt be diſtinguiſhed even from civility itſelf. To be polite, implies more than barely being civil. The polite man is naturally civil, but the civil one may not be polite, nor can have this word applied to him in its full meaning and extent.

Politeneſs implies civility, and adds ſomething more to it: civility regards principally the matter of our behaviour; politeneſs reſpects alſo the manner of it. It is true, politeneſs and civility

are not diſtinguiſhed in common converſation with ſuch a ſcrupulous exactneſs: it might be pedantry to affect it. And yet there may be occaſions of applying the diſtinction very pertinently. Politeneſs, properly ſpeaking, is an agreeable and delicate manner of ſpeaking and acting. As wit has been called the ſeaſoning of reaſon, politeneſs may be called the ſeaſoning of good-nature: politeneſs is the ſame to a good heart, that wit is to good ſenſe.

As much company and converſation frequently give an air of wit to perſons who have naturally but a very ſmall ſhare of it; in the ſame manner, and more frequently indeed, they give an appearance of good qualities to thoſe who, in reality, have very bad ones. The politeneſs of the one is but their ill-temper ſeaſoned, as the wit of the other is but the ſeaſoning of their dullneſs. An acquaintance with the world is the only thing to teach politeneſs, and to form it in a perſon's manners. The moſt particular inſtructions that can be given, will not take it in; for, indeed, they cannot expreſs every thing on the ſubject; much leſs will they communicate a capacity of practiſing. There is a wide difference between ſpeculative and practical politeneſs. Every thing that conſiſts in action is to be learnt by action only. There are ſome perſons who have but little politeneſs in the very centre of it, the court itſelf. Being much in the world, is not always ſufficient for acquiring politeneſs, without the proper natural qualities; as theſe are not

ſufficient

ſufficient of themſelves, without the uſe of good company. Theſe qualities are, a great ſhare of humanity and good-nature; a delicacy of thinking, to diſtinguiſh readily what is proper to be done in all circumſtances; a very obſequious temper, a facility of putting on all humours, and taking up any opinion, as occaſion may require, or, at leaſt, of ſeeming to do ſo. But to practiſe the diſguiſe and diſſimulation that are often neceſſary for this purpoſe, is a very hard taſk. Man is naturally ſincere, he loves to ſpeak what he thinks, and to give vent to his own genuine ſentiments. This diſpoſition in mankind, however laudable in itſelf, is a great hindrance to politeneſs, which directs us to ſay and do nothing that may give offence to others; whence it follows, that a perſon muſt not ſay every thing he thinks, nor do every thing he has an inclination to, not even when his thoughts and inclinations are the moſt reaſonable. A great part of the faults that are committed againſt politeneſs, proceed from too much ſincerity and frankneſs; from perſons not being able to confine themſelves to ſpeak and act within the bounds of good breeding; or, at leaſt, on ſome occaſions to be ſilent. Such a one, you hear it often ſaid, is a good-natured man, and a man of ſenſe; but he is too plain and downright in converſation. A man of ſenſe hears and ſees a thouſand things in company that diſguſt him, in ſpite of all his good-nature; and he is apt to diſcover his uneaſineſs at them. A perſon with a clear head, and a good heart, it is

allowed, has nothing to diſguiſe or conceal among his equals, and they might juſtly reſent any inſincerity in his behaviour to them. But are our equals the only people we converſe with? Or rather, where do we find them? The more diſcernment a perſon has in his underſtanding, and (if you will) in his heart, the more occaſion he meets with, in converſing with the world, of diſguiſing his ſentiments. And yet the natural diſpoſition to ſincerity is univerſal enough among mankind. It is true, in fact, that the world is full of cheats and diſſemblers; but then, for the moſt part, they are not born ſo, but have acquired the character by practice. They were born, indeed, with paſſions which they are obliged to conceal, in order to gratify them the better; but, at the ſame time, they are born with a natural propenſity to act openly, and appear juſt what they are. But they have found, by experience, the inconvenience of ſuch a principle; and it muſt have coſt them great ſtruggles to have got the better of it. I appeal, for the truth of this, to the greateſt maſters in the art of diſſimulation. Habit, in this caſe, never wholly deſtroys nature. Conſtant diſſimulation is a violent ſtate, a kind of ſlavery, to which we are not naturally ſubject. It coſts a perſon more or leſs ſtruggle, in proportion as he has uſed it, and in proportion to the ends for which he is forced to practiſe it; but it always coſts ſomething, and never ceaſes to be a reſtraint.

'Honorius

'Honorius is a perſon equally diſtinguiſhed by 'his birth and fortune. He has naturally good 'ſenſe, and that too hath been improved by a 'regular education. His wit is lively, and his 'morals without a ſtain.

'Is not this an amiable character? Yet Ho-'norius is not beloved. He has, ſome way or 'other, contracted a notion, that it is beneath a 'man of honour to fall below the very height 'of truth in any degree, or on any occaſion 'whatſoever. From this principle he ſpeaks 'bluntly what he thinks, without regarding the 'company who are by; and he juſtifies this.

"You may think as you pleaſe," 'ſays he, "of my addreſs: my countenance, my atti-"tude, and all thoſe artificial rules of behaviour, "which are called civility, I am in no pain "about: I leave theſe important trifles to our "young ſenators, or effeminate courtiers. I "would have people judge of me by my actions, "and not by my gait; for I do not viſit my "friends to do honour to my dancing-maſter. "As to my manner of living with mankind, I "reduce it to this; to ſpeak the truth, to be "ſerviceable to my fellow-creatures, and never "to injure them. Theſe being my principles, "I know how to conſtrain and deny myſelf, if "neceſſary, to do any uſeful ſervices. I give "my advice when it is aſked, in affairs that "come within my knowledge: I freely employ "my credit and influence, and ſometimes my

" purſe, to aſſiſt my friends, or whoever has
" need of them; but I think myſelf juſtly
" diſpenſed from a frivolous complaiſance, which
" can afford no ſolid advantage to thoſe who
" demand it. I ſeldom praiſe others, and
" would never have them praiſe me, becauſe
" praiſe is a kind of poiſon. I contradict the
" man who aſſerts a falſe fact, or advances a
" falſe principle; becauſe he muſt be a liar, or a
" deceiver, who will not confute a lie or an er-
" ror; and this I do with a vehemence that
" adds a weight to my reputation. The rank
" of the perſon I attack encourages, inſtead of
" intimidating me; becauſe the more conſider-
" able the adverſary is, the more important it
" is to humble him. Damon is vain, I mor-
" tify his pride; Laura is a coquette, I reproach
" her with her intrigues; Leander is a hypo-
" crite, I pull off his maſk; Bertholda is ſilly
" and affected, I rally and mimic her; Cyda-
" liſa delights in ſcandal, I lay open and expoſe
" her other faults, in order to cure her of this;
" Lyſimon affects to be thought learned, I ex-
" amine and diſconcert him."

' Honorius, in this portrait, has not belied
' the frankneſs of his character: but is not this
' frankneſs, for which he profeſſes ſuch a value,
' carried too far? It is not ſurely impoſſible to
' contradict with reſpect, and pleaſe without adu-
' lation. But what is the conſequence of a con-
' tinued courſe of this ſort of behaviour? Why,

' he

'he has rendered himſelf dreaded as a monitor, 'inſtead of being eſteemed as a friend.

'Garcia, on the contrary, came into the world 'under the greateſt diſadvantages. His birth was 'mean, and his fortune not to be mentioned: 'yet, though he is ſcarce forty, he has acquired 'a handſome eſtate in the country, and lives 'on it with more reputation than moſt of his 'neighbours. While a ſervitor at the univerſity, 'he, by his aſſiduities, recommended himſelf 'to a noble Lord, and thereby procured a 'place of fifty pounds a year in a public 'office. His behaviour there made him as 'many friends as there were perſons belonging 'to that board; his readineſs in doing favours 'gained him the hearts of his inferiors; his 'reſpect to thoſe in the higheſt characters in the 'office, procured him their good-will; and 'the complacency he expreſſed towards his e-'quals, and thoſe immediately above him, 'made them eſpouſe his intereſt with almoſt as 'much warmth as they did their own. By 'this management, in ten years time he roſe 'to the poſſeſſion of an office which brought 'him in a thouſand pounds a year ſalary, and 'near double as much in perquiſites. Affluence hath made no alteration in his manners. The ſame eaſineſs of diſpoſition attends him in that fortune to which it has raiſed him; and he is at this day the delight of all who know him, from an art he has of perſuading them that their pleaſures

'and their intereſts are equally dear to him 'with his own. Who, if it were in his power, 'would refuſe what Honorius poſſeſſes? Or 'who would not wiſh that poſſeſſion, accom-'panied with Garcia's diſpoſition?'

NUMBER

NUMBER XXII.

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it, and the ſlave that hides.

POPE.

PRodigality and avarice are the two extremes of the monied man: the former delights in ſquandering his ſubſtance away; the other, when all other paſſions forſake him, to idolize his hoards of treaſure. The prodigal in the end has no money to ſpend for common neceſſaries; he has ſpent it all ſuperfluouſly: the latter has it, but durſt not part with it, leſt he bring himſelf to want; and in the midſt of plenty falls a ſacrifice by his penurious diſpoſition. It has been obſerved in the common news-papers of the death of perſons in affluent circumſtances (if they may be ſo called) who would not allow themſelves the common neceſſaries of life; not only that, but every thing remaining behind them almoſt deſtroyed by filth and naſtineſs, which is generally the attendant of this vice. That man ſhould be ſo inconſiderate! Could it be of any ſervice to him, towards his future happineſs hereafter, it would not be thought of; but, on the contrary,

it is to his deſtruction. We every day meet with men of immenſe fortunes, without heirs, and on the very brink of the grave, who refuſe themſelves the common neceſſaries of life, and go on heaping poſſeſſions on poſſeſſions, under all the real preſſures of the ſevereſt poverty. The beſt excuſe that can be made for it is, that it generally prevails on old men, or men of cold tempers, when all other affections are extinct; and the mind being incapable of remaining without ſome paſſion or purſuit, at laſt finds out this monſtrous unreaſonable one, which ſuits the coldneſs and inactivity of its temper. At the ſame time it ſeems very extraordinary, that ſo cold and ſpiritleſs a paſſion ſhould be able to carry us farther than all the warmth of youth and pleaſure. But if we look more narrowly into the matter, we ſhall find, that this circumſtance renders the application of the caſe more eaſy. When the temper is warm, and full of vigour, it naturally ſhoots out more ways than one, and produces inferior paſſions to counterbalance, in ſome degree, its predominant inclination. It is impoſſible for a perſon of that temper, however bent on any purſuit, to be deprived of all ſenſe of ſhame, or regard to the ſentiments of mankind. His friends muſt have ſome influence over him; and other conſiderations are apt to have their weight. All this ſerves to reſtrain him within ſome bounds. But it is no wonder the avaricious man, being from the coldneſs of his temper without regard to reputation,

tation, to friendſhip, or to pleaſure, ſhould be carried ſo far by his prevailing inclination, and ſhould diſplay his paſſion in ſuch ſurpriſing inſtances. It is not confined to ſingle people, kingdoms and ſtates being too often inclined to this vice, by which the ſubjects are deprived of their rights, breeding ſtrifes and contentions among them, which in the end fall on themſelves. In the time of Marcus Aurelius, a country peaſant came to Rome to complain of the avarice and injuſtice of the Romans. After haranguing the ſenate for ſome time on their injuſtice, he proceeded; 'Your riches, O Ro-
'mans! have ſwelled your pride; and pride has
'blinded you to your own intereſt: you call
'yourſelves lords of the world, yet are you ſlaves
'(and do not ſee it) to your avarice. Your
'houſes are not ſo crammed with rich furniture,
'as your hearts are filled with covetouſneſs,
'which will in the end prove your deſtruction:
'for who thirſts after riches, is careleſs of glory.
'A good name ſprings from brave and generous
'actions, which is incompatible with avarice;
'and fame loſt renders a nation deſpicable, and a
'prey to others. Hear me, you Romans; and
'I beſeech the gods ye may not only hear, but
'profit. Ye condemn adultery, yet are ſtrangers to chaſtity; and are laviſh in the praiſe of
'temperance, but live in the greateſt exceſs of
'luxury. Ye cry up patience as a virtue, yet
'not a man of you will put it in practice: ye
'blame the ſlothful, and live in enervating idle-
'neſs:

'neſs: ye deteſt avarice, and ye are all robbers: in 'a word, virtue has your tongues, vice your hearts. 'This I ſay not of the Romans in Illyria only, but 'even of your ſenators, to whom I now addreſs 'myſelf. Your motto on your arms, "Roma-"norum eſt debellare ſuperbos, & parcere ſub-"jectis," 'is ill choſen; and you would do well 'to ſay, "Romanorum eſt ſpoliare innocentes, "& reddere ſubjectis:" 'for your ambition is 'the deſtruction of the peaceable, and your ava-'rice makes you rob the labourers. What right 'had you, Romans, to our land which you have 'invaded, and of which you have poſſeſſed your-'ſelves? What injury from us could excite you 'to revenge? Truly none: for we never heard 'of you till we felt the effects of your tyranny: 'we heard your name, and felt your cruelty, 'at one and the ſame inſtant. He who is rich 'takes from and oppreſſes the poor: the eye of 'the covetous never can be ſatisfied, neither will 'his hand abſtain from rapine Can I for this 'blame the gods as careleſs ſpectators? No; it 'muſt be attributed to the audacity of the men. 'The gods are juſt; but as by violence ye have 'become tyrants, ſo by their juſtice ſhall ye be 'made ſlaves. Do not vainly imagine that it 'was your bravery, your conduct, or diſcipline, 'that gave you the victory over us Germans: 'No; we are not in any of theſe points your in-'ferions; but we have offended the gods, and 'you are the inſtruments of our puniſhment in 'their hands. The vices you found in Ger-

'many, not the arms you brought from Rome, 'were the cauſe of our being conquered. What 'then, from our example, ought you not to ex- 'pect, who are no way behind us in your wick- 'edneſs? and what reaſon have you to imagine 'that the juſt gods will be partial in your fa- 'vour?' The ſenate ordered this ſpeech to be regiſtered, and he himſelf to be made a freeman and a ſenator, and maintained out of the public funds. The miſer and the ambitious are both equally ſelf-intereſted: the miſer is chiefly his own enemy; but the ambitious man is the enemy of the human race. He ſtrides forward to vice with impunity, and even his virtues degenerate into faults: but, while one deſtroys only a cottage, the other, perhaps, overturns an empire.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXIII.

Thus prudent care muſt rear the youthful mind,
By love ſupported, and with toil refin'd;
'Tis this alone the human plant can riſe,
Unprun'd it droops, and unſupported dies.

EMBLEMS FOR YOUTH.

THE happineſs of human life depends more on education than on all other things put together; for without it there can be no real happineſs, it being only, as it were, imaginary; the number of dull ſtupid hours muſt be a burthen to men not knowing how to employ it to the beſt advantage. The education of children depends on their parents; for unleſs it is thought of by them, it is not expected that the children will think on it. In the polite age when Greece was in all her glory, there lived at Athens a noble citizen named Democritus, whom affluence of fortune, generoſity of temper, and extent of knowledge, made the delight of the poor, an example to the rich, a benefactor to the diſtreſſed, and an ornament to his country. But amongſt all the bleſſings which power and virtue could beſtow, he was ſuddenly rendered the moſt miſera-

ble

ble of men, by the death of his wife Aſpaſia, who dying in childbed, left him the conſolation alone of being father to an infant which was a living image of its deceaſed mother. It was a long time before his philoſophy could get the better of his immoderate grief; but his paſſion being allayed by degrees, he reſumed the man, and ſubmitted again to the dictates of reaſon. His thoughts now wholly turned on the education of his ſon Euphemion (for that was his name) whoſe very dawn of infancy promiſed the greateſt ſplendor; but conſidering the vivacity of his temper would greatly expoſe him to the ſeductions of the world, he would often, as the child ſat playing on his lap, mix an anxious tear with the ſmiles of paternal pleaſure. When Euphemion was paſt his childhood, the prudent Democritus thought of an expedient to make pleaſure the paſſage of virtue, as virtue was the only one to real pleaſure; for knowing, from his own paſt conduct, the propenſity of youth to voluptuouſneſs, he made that the enforcement of his precepts, which generally is the bane to all morality. As they were walking together in a gallery of pictures, 'Behold, my ſon,' ſays the father (obſerving his inclination to women) 'that repreſentation of 'perfect beauty embracing with no ſmall ecſtacy 'a young man that kneels before her.' 'Me-'thinks,' cries Euphemion, interrupting him, 'I can read in the painting the greateſt tranſ-'port of ſoul; and ſure he has ſufficient reaſon 'to appear ſo enraptured, when the maſter-piece

'of

'of heaven is in his poſſeſſion.' 'You ſpeak,' continued Democritus, 'as if you envied his ſituation, and with too much warmth and enthuſiaſm, of objects that are ſo eaſily to be obtained.' 'To be obtained,' replied Euphemion; 'by what means, and by whom? If it 'is in my power, O, tell me the way, for it 'will make your ſon the happieſt of mortals.' 'Alas!' ſaid the father, ſighing, 'I am afraid 'the impatience of your temper will never ſuffer 'you to undergo the ſelf-denial and delay that 'is requiſite, before you can arrive at ſuch a 'height of felicity.'

The boy ſtill urging his requeſt with more vehemence than ever, Democritus began in the following manner: 'Since you preſs me ſo 'earneſtly to inſtruct you in a myſtery, that, if 'obſerved, will procure you an original equal 'to that repreſentation, you muſt be very cautious, when once you are initiated, not to deviate in the leaſt from the divine inſtitution, 'nor to divulge the ſecret; for the delinquent, 'in ſuch caſes, is always puniſhed with death by 'the Deity to whom the temple of theſe rites is 'dedicated. The ſtory then, which never is 'told to any but thoſe who are reſolved to follow the great example, is this:' "The young "man you ſee there was a native of Cyprus, "who being extremely addicted to women, fell "deſperately in love with an ideal beauty, the "offſpring of his own imagination. As he was "ſitting one day by the ſide of a fountain, ſigh-

"ing

" ing for the imaginary object of his deſires, he " fell aſleep, and dreamt that Diana deſcended " to him from a cloud, and promiſed him the " actual enjoyment of his wiſhes, provided he re- " tired immediately to Epheſus, and, during the " ſpace of four years, lived in chaſtity, and applied " himſelf to the cultivation of his mind, according " to rules of philoſophy. The viſion ſeemed ſo " ſtrong to the young lover, that he complied " with the celeſtial admonition, and baniſhing " from his thoughts, as ſoon as poſſible, all " voluptuous deſires, he repaired to the place " where the goddeſs commanded him to go. " At the end of four years, when he had faith- " fully compleated the probationary ſtate, he " was tranſported back again in his ſleep to the " fountain where he firſt ſaw the deity; and " awaking ſuddenly, found, to his no ſmall ſur- " priſe, that beautiful virgin, the reward of his " labour, embracing him in the manner de- " ſcribed by the artiſt."

'This, my ſon, afterwards became a reli- 'gious myſtery, and is (ſince you are acquaint- 'ed with the riſe of it) the teſt which you muſt 'now inevitably undergo. Diveſt yourſelf there- 'for a while of all the affections which you 'have hitherto contracted, and vie with the reſo- 'lute Cyprian, that you may participate his 'bliſs.'

Euphemion, who was all this time attentive to what his father ſaid, could not help expreſſing ſome concern at ſo ſevere an injunction: how-

ever,

ever, recollecting that he was only to curb his paſſion for the preſent, in order to give a greater looſe to it hereafter, he reſolved, from that hour, to begin the trial. Accordingly, at the age of fifteen, he retired from all objects that might in the leaſt tend to divert his mind from philoſophy. The firſt year was ſpent in continual ſtruggles between paſſion and reaſon; the ſecond made his ſolitary life ſomewhat more agreeable; the third afforded real pleaſure in the purſuit, excluſive of the object purſued; and the fourth compleated the happy deluſion, to render him, by habitual ſtudy, entirely maſter of himſelf. At the expiration of the term, he ſeemed very little ſolicitous about the original inducement; but recollecting ſome circumſtances of the promiſed fair, he enquired of his father one day, in a ludicrous manner, when he ſhould poſſeſs the nymph, in reward of his labours. To which Democritus replied: 'My 'ſon, the account I gave you of the Cyprian, 'as you ſeem already to underſtand, was en-'tirly fabulous; the whole picture is an in-'genious allegory. I uſed this device to lead 'you imperceptibly into the paths of true 'pleaſure, and to make your life an explana-'tion of thoſe two figures. The one is ſup-'poſed to be Happineſs, the Daughter of Vir-'tue and Moderation; the other the emblem 'of Human Life, courting her embraces, whom 'ſhe never fails to careſs with mutual affection, 'when conducted by her celeſtial parents.

'You

'You expected only a fugitive pleaſure, as 'the recompence of your perſeverance; but 'are now in poſſeſſion of a permanent one, 'that will attend you through life with un-'changeable fidelity.'

NUMBER

NUMBER XXIV.

From real happineſs we ſtray,
By vice bewilder'd; vice, which always leads,
However fair at firſt, to wilds of woe.

THOMSON.

THE allurements of vice proceed by gradual degrees, till they arrive at the height, not thinking what may befall them ere they reach the ſummit. Extravagance is the conſtant attendant of pride, which is perceptibly ſeen riſing, by ſlow degrees, till it arrives at its height; then, with a mighty cruſh, it ſinks in confuſion. The appearance of a fine outſide inſpires others with the ſame thoughts, and they run precipitately into deſtruction, without conſidering the conſequence. By ſlow degrees they begin, till, with higher notions, they proceed, and draw near to their ruin; not thinking that ſo fair a thing is capable of ſuch deception, till fooliſhly they find it too late, and fall by the very means they thought would not hurt them, and then, too late, they wiſh to have been wiſe. I know nothing that ſhews the weakneſs of human nature more, or renders a man more contemptible in the eye of reaſon, than his being under

under the dominion of a bad habit, and lying at the mercy of ſome maſter-vice. The wretch in this condition forfeits his underſtanding, gives up the freedom of his will, and either walks in leading-ſtrings, or is forced along like a brute, by a ſevere driver, whoſe burden he not only carries, but ſuffers the ſcourge at the ſame time. The worſt of it is, the longer the miſery endures, the more inſenſible the ſufferer grows; and what was at firſt ſubmitted to with pain and reluctance, is light and eaſy at laſt; and they have no notion that any ſtate of life can be more happy than their own. Cuſtom has reconciled a galley-ſlave ſo to his oar, that the offers of liberty itſelf have been refuſed; and habitual vice has had the ſame effect on the ſinner, who has learnt a falſe patience under the length of his captivity, and begins to hug the chain with pleaſure, that he once dragged with uneaſineſs. The allurements of vice are very natural to youth: to pleaſe the eye has its preſent gratification, but that of the mind muſt be done by labour, and by ſlow degrees. A fine outſide-appearance is, to ſome, enough to carry them for ſome time through life; for what with a natural qualification that attends them, viz. impudence, they do not ſtand at any means, good or bad, for preſent neceſſity. It is generally obſerved that theſe kind of gentry are ſoon detected, they put on ſo many airs of importance, and go under the denomination of men of quality: yes, they are men of quality, of a bad principle, which is

ſure

ſure to be experienced by thoſe who are weak enough to believe them; too many are thus credulouſly taken in: puffed up with the thoughts of being acquainted with a man of quality, they are profuſe in their money, let them have it for aſking, under a plauſible ſtory, which is always clever enough told them; and all this time they are living on him, till the cheat is carried on ſo long as to be ſuſpected: they then leave him, and go to find others as fooliſh as the former. The dreſs of them are according to their pretended titles, and they are conſtant attendants at all the public places. Thus the cheat is carried on, ſuppoſing their grandeur will cauſe notice to be taken of them. They go on thus for a ſhort time, gradually encreaſing from one ſmall vice to the higheſt, till their cheats are expoſed; then fall to infamy and ruin, in the midſt of all their gaiety. The following emblematical fable is a juſt repreſentation of the allurement of vice; which ſhews, that in the end it is ſure to prove deſtruction, in the obſervation of a fly caught in a candle.

The ALLUREMENTS of VICE, exemplified in the fable of the FLY and the CANDLE.

Bright ſhone the taper's ſparkling blaze,
Whoſe gaudy ſtar-beſpangling rays
Allur'd a wand'ring fly,
That round the wick's enchanting light,
With ſportive wings indulg'd her flight,
Nor dreamt of danger nigh.

In wider circles firſt ſhe flew,
Contracted ſoon, ſhe nearer drew,
As brav'd the ſhining foe;
For who could think that grief or pain
A form ſo ſpecious could contain,
Or ſuch deception know!

But, oh! ere thought a moment paſt,
The foe attack'd, repels as faſt,
She falls, diſabled thrown;
"Amazing ſcene! what's this I ſee!
"That lively meteor hurt, not me,
"'Twas fancy threw me down!

"I'll try again," reſolv'd, ſhe cries;
When ſpringing up, again defies
The bright Heſperian flame:
She flew:—but mark the dire event,
She dies, unweeting its intent,
A victim to her ſhame.

Thus ſlain, ſhe lies a warning fair,
To bid our ſelf-conceit beware
Of fond deluſion's guile:
Or teach thine innocence to ſhun
Th' approach of death, by ſin begun
In ſoft temptation's ſmile.

When Pleaſure then (deluſive dame!)
Preſenting, waves her plumed flame,
In token of delight;
Remember, 'tis a ſenſual blaze,
On which ſhe bids thine eyelids gaze,
To faſcinate their ſight.

When Honour's gaudy treach'rous bait
Stings thy ambition to be great,
And flatters all its pride;
Then is the ſeaſon to beware
The vile ſeducer's laqueant ſnare,
Or ſtem the ſurging tide.

Hear

Hear this, ye fools! from inſects learn,
Where Fates your ſelf-preſumption warn,
To ſhield the nobler part;
In faith to eye the grand award,
While pray'rs unweary'd, watching, guard
The iſſues of our heart.

NUMBER XXV.

Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, after cruel riot, waſte;
How many pine in want and dungeon-glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery!

THOMSON.

IT is but ſeldom that perſons, who enjoy the advantages of health, affluence, and liberty, chooſe to meditate upon the unhappy condition of thoſe who, by a variety of cauſes, have been deprived of theſe ineſtimable bleſſings: were they ſometimes to look about them, and ſee the numerous ills to which the human ſpecies are expoſed, ſure the time thus ſpent would not be ill employed. Would not the compariſon they would

would naturally draw between the ſituation of the miſerable and themſelves, be a means of encreaſing their own happineſs? As a man paſſing a dungeon, immediately feels his heart glow with an unuſual warmth at the thought which inſtantly ſtrikes him of his being at liberty: ſo he that ſees a fellow-creature ſinking under the weight of ſome mortal diſeaſe, felicitates himſelf in the poſſeſſion of ſound health, and never knows the value of it ſo completely as at that moment: and the rich man is taught the worth of riches, by the ſight of thoſe miſeries that attend poverty. There is another reaſon likewiſe why the Friend of mankind would recommend a little reflection on the calamities incident to the ſpecies: many of them may be removed by the aſſiſtance of the charitable: the pleaſure ariſing from the relief of diſtreſs is infinitely beyond the moſt exalted gratifications of ſenſe: it is, without doubt, the greateſt human nature is capable of enjoying, and can be compared to nothing but a foretaſte of thoſe joys which are to be the reward of virtue in the realms of bliſs. I have been led into theſe reflections by a ſcene of diſtreſs that I was lately a witneſs to, and which I intend to make the ſubject of this eſſay, in hope that it may be a means of procuring relief to ſome of the many unhappy creatures who experience the ſame dreadful misfortunes.

Walking ſome nights ago through a by-lane, in a remote part of the town, my curioſity was ſtrongly excited by ſome diſcourſe I heard be-

tween two women in a little ſhop: one of them, who ſtood behind the counter, exclaimed rather vehemently, 'I am ſorry for her with all my 'heart; but I cannot afford to give her lodging 'and food for nothing; and I am reſolved ſhe 'ſhall leave my houſe this very night.' The other mildly anſwered, 'And where will ſhe go, poor 'ſoul! She will certainly expire in the ſtreet, if 'you turn her out in ſuch a condition.' 'I 'cannot help it,' replied the firſt woman: "Cha-"rity begins at home." 'She owes me already 'for ſix weeks board and lodging.' This ſhort diſcourſe was ſufficient to ſatisfy me, that ſome miſerable object in great diſtreſs muſt be the ſubject of their converſation; and that now was the time for compaſſion to hold forth her aſſiſting hand to comfort the unhappy. Stepping therefore into the ſhop, 'Where is the unfortunate wretch,' ſaid I, 'that you are talking of? Perhaps ſome 'method may be found to prevent your cruel 'intention of turning her into the ſtreet.' 'Yes, 'good Sir,' ſaid the woman: 'a little of that 'money which, by your appearance, you muſt 'have plenty of, would have that effect; and 'your Honour can't have a better opportunity of 'beſtowing your charity.' The woman conducted, and I followed her up a rotten ſtaircaſe, to one of the meaneſt garrets I ever was in. 'There, Sir,' (ſaid ſhe, pointing to a miſerable bed in one corner of it) 'lies the poor creature 'you deſire to ſee.' I appproached; but, good God! how ſhall I expreſs my ſurprize, at ſeeing the

the wretchedneſs of the object I had before me! a lovely young woman, in the prime of youth, expiring under a diſorder of the moſt ſhocking kind. Diſeaſe had eaten her up; and death ſeemed, at this moment, to be performing his laſt kind office. Her eyes were cloſed, her features fixed; and, only for ſome convulſive motions, I ſhould have thought her already dead: her face had ſtill evident remains of the moſt perfect beauty, though emaciated to a great degree: her perſon was ſo poorly covered by the ragged bed-cloaths, that it was eaſily to be ſeen ſhe had been uncommonly lovely. Never did the power of compaſſion operate more ſtrongly on my mind, than at that inſtant. I broke out into complaints, as if I had been myſelf the afflicted; and almoſt arraigned the juſtice of heaven, for puniſhing, in ſo ſevere a manner, any faults this poor unhappy creature might have committed. Pity had taken ſuch poſſeſſion of my ſoul, I forgot, for ſome moments, that now was the only time to try if human aſſiſtance would avail her any thing: for, in all probability, a delay but of a ſhort ſpace would be fatal. That no time might be loſt, I ran myſelf for a ſurgeon, while the woman of the houſe haſtened to get ſome cordial, which I directed ſhould be given her inſtantly, if it could be procured; apprehending that want of the neceſſaries of life had done more towards reducing her to this miſerable condition, than even her diſorder. In a few minutes I returned with the ſurgeon; who aſſured me there

was not the leaſt danger, now that ſhe had aſſiſtance. This was balm to my heart, and gave me the ſincereſt joy I ever felt. After having cauſed her to ſwallow a little, I ordered her to her landlady's bed, and giving ſtrict charge to her, left her, having paid a little in advance. My impatience would not let me remain long before I returned to ſee the poor creature. When I entered the room, the nurſe told me ſhe was in a ſweet ſleep, and had been for ſome hours. I ventured, however, to approach the bed; and undrawing the curtain gently, ſat down by her; where I gazed on her ſome time with inexpreſſible pleaſure. The interval of my abſence, though ſhort, had made a wonderful alteration: inſtead of a pale death-colour, ſhe had now a blooming countenance. She lay with one arm under her head, and the other extended on the bed-cloaths; and in this poſture, exhibited to my view a finer picture than ever was drawn by the hand of a Titian, or the pen of an Ovid. The peculiar ſtyle of languiſhment her lovely face expreſſed, was infinitely more touching than the moſt confirmed health:

Ev'ry beauty ſoften'd, ev'ry grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed.

THOMSON.

What muſt be my ſenſations at ſo bewitching a ſcene, may be gueſſed by any one who has relieved

lieved beauty in diſtreſs: but what were the feelings of my ſoul, none but thoſe of an exalted mind can form any conception of. 'Yes, fair 'unfortunate,' ſaid I, ſtooping, and taking a tender embrace, which awoke her; 'I will protect 'thee, I will be thy friend, I will watch over 'thee as thy guardian angel; and, if poſſible, 'thy future days ſhall be as happy, as thy former 'ones were miſerable.' 'Ah, no,' ſaid ſhe, (in faint, but the ſweeteſt accent I ever heard) 'there is no penitence will ever atone for my 'ſins: they have been too great for pardon; 'and, though committed in the courſe of a few 'days, ages of repentance will not blot them 'out.' Here ſhe ſtopped, and gave way to ſome tears that had been gathering from the time I began to ſpeak. After having comforted her, I gave her a little money for preſent uſe; and promiſed her a place for her future living. I then left her, pleaſed to the heart at having reſcued a fellow-creature from the jaws of death.

NUMBER XXVI.

See how yond' Juſtice rails upon yond' ſimple Thief,
Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy,
Which is the Juſtice, which is the Thief?

* * * * * * *

Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear:
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of Juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.

SHAKESPEARE.

AS I was walking, the other evening, through a ſtreet not far from the Haymarket, I obſerved a concourſe of people collected together; joy was viſible in every countenance, which tempted me, though not naturally of a curious diſpoſition, to enquire the cauſe. I was ſoon informed, by one of the mob, that they had catched a thief, and were going to take him before a juſtice. Being naturally of a humane diſpoſition, I can never ſee an object of this kind without concern; and when I returned home, I could not help making it a ſubject of meditation.

'The poor man,' said I, 'has many ene-
'mies; if he commits a fault, let it be ever so
'small, every body is in arms against him;
'though want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
'might have forced him to be guilty of the
'crime. How many a well-meaning person
'have we seen, driven by the distress of poverty
'to take part of his neighbour's substance; for
'which he is dragged before an unfeeling judge,
'who may, perhaps, have been guilty of a thou-
'sand much worse crimes, and by him sent to
'prison, there to wait for his trial, on which he
'will most probably be transported, for endea-
'vouring to relieve the distress of a poor family
'starving in want, by means which the judge that
'condemned him would have been guilty of,
'had he felt the like distress? Who, that is
'not lost to all the feelings of humanity, can
'bear to see famine prey upon his family; to
'hear his children calling for bread, while their
'mother, scarce capable of supporting herself
'under her troubles, in vain attempts to stop
'their little cries; in vain calls on her husband
'for relief; and even implores the assistance of
'death, to relieve her from the miseries that sur-
'round her?'

It is easy for a person, whose wants are sup-plied, in imagination to hear distress, and still to act according to the strictest rules of justice; but when, instead of the imaginary evil, he feels the real one, he will find that there is a much greater difference between speculation and action than

he imagined. Human nature, in whatever ſituation it is placed, is human nature ſtill; nor can there be any perſon whoſe virtue is ſo ſtrong as to prevent him, when almoſt ſtarving, from committing the crime (if it may in this caſe be called a crime) of endeavouring to relieve his diſtreſſes, by robbing of his neighbour. For the preſervation of ſociety, it is, I allow, neceſſary that crimes, even of the ſmaller kind, ſhould be puniſhed. All that I would wiſh is, that they may be puniſhed with mercy; that thoſe who are in office would take pains to diſtinguiſh between the artful, deſigning villain, and thoſe unhappy perſons who are, by the numerous diſtreſſes that attend poverty, neceſſitated to commit thoſe crimes. In an affair of this kind, it certainly cannot be inconſiſtent with juſtice to forgive and to aſſiſt. How many inſtances do we meet with every day in this metropolis, of perſons who are forced to rob, in order to relieve thoſe diſtreſſes, from which they have, in vain, attempted to extricate themſelves by labour, and the aſſiſtance of the charitable? Among the many that are to be found, I ſhall mention one, that I met with not long ago.

I was accoſted in Piccadilly by a poor man, who deſired charity, aſſuring me he was the father of a family, who were then ready to die for want. The manner in which the man aſked my charity had ſomething ſo very particular, that it could not fail of exciting my attention. My reflection on it was the cauſe of my being for ſome

ſome time ſilent; which he interpreted as a refuſal, heaved a ſigh, and left me. I called him back; a faint ſmile overſpread his countenance at the hopes of being relieved. He was a good-looking man; young, though emaciated: I deſired to know in what part of the town he lived: he anſwered me in the moſt grateful manner; and, upon my expreſſing a deſire to ſee his family, conducted me to a cellar near the Seven Dials.

The firſt object that attracted my attention, upon entering the cellar, was the poor woman lying on the ground, not even a wiſp of ſtraw to cover her: her countenance was pale, her eyes ſunk, the cloaths which ſhe had on were not able to preſerve her from the cold. Upon my entrance ſhe attempted to riſe, and at laſt, with ſome difficulty, got half up; her weakneſs however overcame her, and ſhe fell back to the ground. Three or four children, I could hardly tell which (for there was no light but what came from an oyſter-woman's lamp) were lying in different parts of the room, in the ſame miſerable ſituation. I do not remember I was ever ſo much affected before: I gave the man ſome money, and ordered him to go and get ſome neceſſaries for his family: he went, and ſoon returned with what I ordered. It was, however, with no ſmall difficulty that he got his wife or children to eat: they ſeemed to be paſt human aſſiſtance. When he had given each part of what he had bought, in which I offered him what aſſiſtance I could, I aſked him what brought

him

him to that miſerable ſituation? He ſaid, he was a journeyman Book-binder; that he came to town for work, which not being able to meet with, he was obliged, in order to ſupport his family, to ſell ſome inſtruments that he brought with him; that when the money, which he had procured for theſe, was ſpent, he had nothing left but to ply about the ſtreets for charity. What he had this way was, for ſome time paſt, his only ſubſiſtence, which had been barely ſufficient for keeping them from ſtarving. Having unfortunately, for theſe laſt two or three weeks, not met with his uſual ſucceſs, and finding that it was out of his power to procure ſubſiſtence for his family, he was at laſt driven to deſpair, and was reſolved, if fortune had not thrown me in the way, that very evening to try ſome deſperate method, in which, in all probability, as he muſt be a novice in the way, he would have been taken and ſent to priſon, unable to aſſiſt his family, who muſt inevitably have periſhed.

Wouldſt thou, O reader, in this poor man's ſituation, couldſt thou refrain from robbing? Think fairly: ſuppoſe thou waſt driven to diſtreſs like this; no friend to aſſiſt thee;—in vain thou trieſt to get ſomething by begging in the ſtreets. Was it but thyſelf, poſſibly thou mighteſt bear it; but couldſt thou bear to ſee thy wife, her who had ſo often ſoftened thy cares, her who had ſo often taken pains to make thee happy; couldſt thou bear to ſee her pine for want? couldſt thou bear to think that ſhe muſt feel the

diſtreſs

distress of famine? Thy children in vain imploring thy assistance, in vain asking for food? And yet how many thousands do we see punished in this situation?

People in high stations seldom reflect upon the miseries of others, who are deprived of the necessaries of life: could they but feel a few of the many miseries which some poor people are necessitated to bear, they would surely devote some part of their time and fortune in searching for, and relieving real objects of charity.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXVII.

Hail, wedded Love! myſterious law! true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe, of all things common elſe!
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from man,
Amongſt the beſtial herds to range: by thee,
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.

MILTON.

WE have already obſerved, that our happineſs muſt conſiſt in ſomething which is agreeable to our nature: by the ſame parity of reaſoning, whatever is agreeable to our nature, muſt be conducive to our happineſs. It is upon this principle we have hitherto gone. In order to diſcover in what our happineſs truly conſiſted, we have examined the principles of our conſtitution, and found that we were compoſed of two parts, a material and immaterial; and that, to be compleatly happy, we muſt enjoy each of theſe.

The

The principal writers upon this ſubject have ſuppoſed, that the enjoyment of our ſenſual, or intellectual part, as they relate to knowledge, or the ſenſes, are by no means neceſſary to our happineſs, and that our happineſs conſiſts in the rectitude of our conduct alone; that is, in acting the part of a virtuous man, in doing nothing that is inconſiſtent with the principles of morality. Upon which principle, it is indifferent to our happineſs, whether we are in health or ſickneſs, in proſperity or adverſity. Of this opinion is a celebrated * writer of the preſent age. What I have advanced upon this ſubject is not done by way of oppoſition, or from a fooliſh conceit of being ſuperior in knowledge: when I am convinced of the fallacy of my ſentiments, I will give them up with the ſame freedom I have embraced them.

* J. Harris, Eſq. author of Hermes, and three Treatiſes; the firſt concerning Art; the ſecond, Muſic, Painting, and Poetry; the third, Happineſs. Dr. Lowth, in his Introduction to the Engliſh Tongue, when ſpeaking on the general principles of Grammar, makes the following obſervation upon the firſt-mentioned work of this Gentleman: 'Thoſe who would enter 'more deeply into this ſubject, will find it fully and accurately 'handled, with the greateſt acuteneſs of inveſtigation, perſpi-'cuity of explication, and elegance of method, in a treatiſe 'entitled HERMES; the moſt beautiful and perfect example of 'analyſis that has been exhibited ſince the days of Ariſtotle.' In juſtice to this ingenious author, from the peruſal of whoſe writings I have received the higheſt ſatisfaction, I would adviſe every reader, who is deſirous of making this ſubject his ſtudy, to peruſe what he has written upon it.

That

That Virtue is neceſſary to our happineſs I do not deny; but that it is alone ſufficient, does not appear to me probable. As material beings, we muſt find enjoyment in our ſenſes; nor, I think, can a man who is afflicted with a fit of the gout, or the ſtone, be ſaid to be happy, becauſe conſcious of having acted a juſt and virtuous part.

Some of the ancient Philoſophers thought, that it was beneath a man to place any of his happineſs in the gratification of his ſenſual appetites: 'For,' ſay they, 'as man is no farther 'ſuperior to the brute creation, than as he is an 'immaterial being, the nearer he approaches to 'the nature of an immaterial being, the farther 'he muſt be from that of a corporeal one; and 'the more he places his enjoyment in ſenſual 'gratification, the nearer he is allied to the 'brute.' Hence they conclude, that the leſs he places his enjoyment in ſenſual gratifications, the better he ſupports the dignity of his nature.

This, however, is nothing more than a ſophiſtical argument. It is, indeed, certain, that we are only ſuperior to the brute creation as immaterial beings; and the higher we carry this, the farther we ſhall be from them. But as our nature is compoſed of two parts, it is by no means degrading from it to enjoy both; nor does the enjoyment of the ſenſual, the leaſt prevent us from improving the immaterial, unleſs we make it our chief pleaſure, and by means of that ſo enervate the body, that we ſhall be rendered incapable of exerciſing our ſuperior faculties.

culties. The error does not conſiſt in enjoying both, but in making either predominant; which is inconſiſtent with the intention of our Maker; as is evident by his ſo forming our conſtitution, that making either the principal, ſhould tend to the deſtruction of the other.

The greateſt pleaſure we receive from our ſenſes conſiſts in the fruition of the deſire, which the Supreme Being has thought proper (for the preſervation of mankind) to implant in every individual, of increaſing his ſpecies. The pleaſure which we receive from the enjoyment of this, is no otherwiſe ſuperior to that of the brute creation, than as it is heightened by our affection for the object, or, in other words, as it is heightened by love. The pleaſure which a libertine receives from the embraces of a proſtitute can be no way ſuperior, if equal, to that of the brute creation; not to mention how much the fear he muſt, of neceſſity, be under, of injuring his health, may diminiſh even the poor ſatisfaction he enjoys.

If any man had a real affection for a woman, he could not think of putting that woman to ſhame, of degrading her to a ſtate in which ſhe muſt be deſpiſed by her acquaintance, and abandoned by her relations; and this, by the cuſtom of our country, is rendered inevitable, without the holy tie licenſes the bliſs; ſo that we ſee it is impoſſible to enjoy the ſenſual gratification in a ſingle ſtate, as we could not enjoy it without love; and if we did love, we could not think

of

of reducing the object of our love to a ſtate of proſtitution.

That it is to be enjoyed in the marriage ſtate, in the higheſt degree, I believe none but batchelors, and thoſe whoſe fortunes, rather than their minds, have been the cauſe of their union, will deny. Since the enjoyment of this gratification, though ſenſual, depends ſo much upon the mind, where can we expect to meet with it in ſo great perfection as in the arms of a woman, whoſe very being is incorporated with ours, whoſe happineſs is our happineſs, whoſe intereſt is our intereſt?

Where friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem, enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul.

If then this gratification is conducive to our happineſs, and it is not to be expected in the ſingle ſtate, but may be enjoyed in the higheſt degree in the married one, the married ſtate muſt be neceſſary to our happineſs.

As the deſign of this eſſay was to conſider how far the married ſtate is neceſſary to our happineſs, in order to the enjoyment of ſenſual pleaſure, I have omitted to conſider it in any other light.

As we have now finiſhed our eſſay, it may not be amiſs to look back, and ſee how far our enquiry has led us. We firſt laid it down as a maxim, that whatever was agreeable to our nature, muſt

be

be conducive to our happideſs: after that we have endeavoured to refute what others have advanced againſt it; then ſhewn that the enjoyment of our ſenſual gratifications was not beneath us; that the principal of them conſiſts in the fruition of the deſire implanted in us to increaſe our ſpecies; that this is not to be enjoyed in a ſingle ſtate, but that it may in the married one: and from hence we conclude, that Matrimony is neceſſary to our Happineſs.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXVIII.

Oh, woman! lovely woman!
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n:
Amazing brightneſs, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlaſting love.

OTWAY.

OH, woman! lovely woman! in *you* we find the principal pleaſure by heaven deſigned for man; in you we find a ſoftener of every trouble, a promoter of every joy; even knowledge, the chief happineſs of immaterial beings, without you, with us, in ſome meaſure, loſes its luſtre. The philoſopher may, indeed, obtain pleaſure in the purſuit of truth; but, where he makes that purſuit the chief object of his thoughts, it preys upon his being, and, in a ſhort time, reduces him to a ſtate of childhood, reduces him

To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And ſit the monument of living death.

Whereas,

Whereas, if he ſoftens it by the enjoyment of you, he not only improves his mind, without injuring his health, but raiſes two of the greateſt pleaſures heaven ever deſigned for man, to a height not to be equalled in this ſtate. Well, therefore, may the followers of Mahomet believe, that their future happineſs is to conſiſt in the enjoyment of you; as the higheſt ideas we can form of heaven, muſt be derived from a contemplation of your perfections.

Who are thoſe perſons that have endeavoured, by falſe reaſoning, to deprive you of the perfections which every rational being can ſee belongs to your nature? Who are they? Are they not beings unworthy the name of men, who, after having deprived you of your innocence, after having vitiated your minds, by inſtilling falſe principles, and by introducing you to others equally vitiated with themſelves, point out thoſe vices which they have been the cauſe of, as inherent in your nature? or, on the other hand, perſons who, from the deformity of their bodies, are rendered incapable of attracting that regard which they would fain have you entertain for them, they, in order to give themſelves the deſired conſequence with their own ſex, do all in their power to lower their opinion of you. Would ****, had he been formed to pleaſe, have ſaid ſo much againſt you? Would *****, had not his mind been deformed by vice, have been capable even of conceiving, what he has

endea-

endeavoured to prove, is conſiſtent with your nature?

Hail, Friendſhip! moſt adorable of the ſons of heaven! Where ſhall we find thee? Where ſhall a poor diſtreſſed mortal, worn out with the cares and troubles of this life, find thy kind relief? Where ſhall he find thee to pity his diſtreſs, and, by ſympathizing in his troubles, in ſome meaſure to relieve him from a load which is greater than he can bear? Shall he find thee in man? Shall he, in him, find thy excellencies ſo much talked of? Alas! no. Thou haſt an enemy in every breaſt, that has, for years, taken poſſeſſion of thy place, and now, in ſpite of every thing that can be advanced in thy favour, uſurps thy power, and, what is ſtill more cruel, robs thee of thy name; aſſumes thy form to proſecute every evil deſign, aſſumes thy form to accompliſh every malignant purpoſe, and at laſt, when he gives the ſtab, ſmiles at the deception.

Self-intereſt, the original motive of every action, is thy enemy; and, by aſſuming thy ſhape, has almoſt perſuaded ſome, that in worſhipping thee, they have worſhipped an imaginary being. Hail, ſacred ſource of every joy! and for once inform the ſincereſt of thy adorers where he ſhall find thee. Methinks I ſee in thy countenance a ſmile of condeſcenſion.

Silence,—for a while exert thy awful power, for a while ſuſpend every action. Attention,—do thou put on a double guard, while Memory ſpreads her tablets to receive every impreſſion.

'Mortal,

'Mortal, if thou art desirous of being acquainted with the place of my abode, if thou art desirous of knowing where thou shalt meet with me, think not of finding me but in concert with him whom thou hast, from a mistaken notion, called my enemy; think rather he is a promoter of my virtue. It is true, thou must not expect to meet with me in thy own sex; yet has not thy Maker left thee entirely destitute: he has for thee formed a companion, in whom thou wilt find us both; who, if with thee united consistent with his intent, can have no interest but thy interest, can have no happiness that is not consistent with thy happiness. In her expect to meet with me; in her expect to meet with the chief happiness of thy life; in her expect to meet with Friendship, softened by Esteem, and heightened by Love.

'If deserted by thy acquaintance, if abandoned by thy relations, if the whole world should turn their backs upon thee; yet still thou hast one who will be thy Friend, one who will exert her utmost to make thee happy.

'When thou art visited by the cares and troubles of the world (from which there is no mortal free) she, by taking part in thy distress, by mixing with thine the sympathizing tear of pitying Friendship, will soften every care, by inspiring thee with a tender melancholy, the most agreeable sensation thy mind is capable of enjoying; a sensation so delightful, that it will make even distress desirable.

'But if, on the contrary, Pleaſure for you 'ſhould ſpread her flowery lap, how much every 'agreeable ſenſation thou enjoyeſt will be height-'ened by the thoughts of her being a partaker, 'lovers alone can conceive; for they alone can 'be properly convinced, that the higheſt delight 'a human mind is capable of enjoying, conſiſts 'in the thoughts of giving pleaſure to a beloved 'object.

'If Providence ſhould think proper to bleſs 'you with children, what new paſſions, then 'what mental ſentiments of parental care, on 'thee muſt ſeize! What pleaſure muſt thou re-'ceive, from the thoughts of giving birth to thoſe 'who will prove a bleſſing to thee, and, in fu-'ture times, an honour to ſociety; and when 'Time has numbered thy days, that there is 'ſtill ſome left to pay a grateful tribute to thy 'memory; that there is ſtill ſome left to enjoy 'the fruits of thy induſtry! Nor is the delight 'inferior, that muſt ariſe from watching the 'opening bud, from rearing the tender thought, 'and pruning the too luxuriant branches.

'Thou waſt made for ſociety; ſociety is ne-'ceſſary for thy exiſtence; ſociety is neceſſary for 'thy happineſs: but the ſociety which is neceſ-'ſary for thy exiſtence is different from the ſoci-'ety that is neceſſary for thy happineſs: the la-'ter requires nothing but the labour and aſſiſt-'ance of thy fellow-creature; the former, a union 'of minds, a ſoft intercourſe of ſouls. To enjoy 'this in thy own ſex, is impoſſible: there is a

'kind

'kind of ſex in the very ſoul of women, an ef-
'feminate beauty that will bleſs thy days, and
'make every hour of thy life happy. Miſtake
'not this for Friendſhip; this cannot indeed
'ſubſiſt without Friendſhip, though Friendſhip
'may without this: nor is it Love; it is Eſteem
'heightened by the mutual wiſh; the ſympathy
'of ſouls in uniſon; which, like two well-tuned
'inſtruments, reverberate with reſponding har-
'mony. In the enjoyment of this thou muſt
'place the chief happine's of thy life; in the en-
'joyment of this thou wilt more particularly ſee
'the beauty of Woman.

'Mortal—liſten to the voice of Friendſhip!
'If thou art deſirous of enjoying pleaſure, think
'not to find her in the venal arms of erratic
'love; a thouſand corroding cares, a thouſand
'numerous ills, will attend the prohibited indul-
'gence; nor canſt thou at laſt expect to meet
'with the wiſhed-for delight. Pleaſure is the
'daughter of Virtue: thou muſt not expect to
'meet with her in the abſence of her mother;
'thou wilt be ſure to meet with them together.
'Firſt ſearch how to indulge thy paſſions con-
'ſiſtent with the principles of Virtue, and ſhe
'will introduce thee to Pleaſure. To indulge
'thy paſſions is not inconſiſtent with the intent
'of thy Maker; he gave them thee to enjoy.
'To enjoy, is to obey.

THE END.

SEP